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A black and white photograph of two men in a close embrace. The man on the left is wearing a leather harness. The man on the right is wearing a leather harness and has a large, ornate feathered headdress on his head.

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# DRUMMER

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# DRUMMER

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## coming up:

PHIL ANDROS IS BACK  
WITH ANOTHER BLACK-AND-BLUE  
TALE ABOUT IKE AND JIM'S  
PINK ALLEY PLAYHOUSE

ANOTHER "FAMOUS SADIST IN HISTORY"  
ILSE KOCH: THE BITCH OF BUCHENWALD



# GETTING OFF

In some ways, it's hard to believe that this is our Anniversary Issue, that DRUMMER is already one year old.

In others, it's hard to believe that DRUMMER is *only* one year old, for so much has happened during these past 12 months.

Taking another look at that first issue, we can see what a long way we've come. A year ago we really didn't expect that we would be able to pull together some of the finest creative talent in the country: writers like Phil Andros, Orlando Paris, Scott Masters . . . photographers like Bob Opel, Hy Chase, Roy Dean . . . cartoonists like Shawn and Bud . . . artists like Chuck Arnett.

It's only appropriate that an Anniversary Issue be initiative. There are two new features this month, the beginnings of continuing series. On page 44 is the first of "S&M Classics Revisited," modern adaptations of works by the old Masters. Following, on page 48, are the gory details of the torture techniques of Torquemada, our first "Famous Sadist in History." In both cases, DRUMMER readers are encouraged to submit suggestions for treatment in future issues.

Readers are also invited to join the "Five in the Trainer's Room." Scott Masters tells us that he would be interested in hearing from people regarding the selection of the S and the M to be pitted against each other in the final "challenge session." Naturally, he's already got an end in mind, but a really inspired letter may sway him.

A reader recently wondered if we'd gotten our Leather Bar listings from *Life Magazine*. Well, we hadn't, of course . . . but without realizing it, we've started a *Life Magazine*-type series. Who can ever forget the excitement of going, with *Life*, to a baby baboon beauty contest . . . a matrons' muscle parade . . . or Tricia's wedding? What does all this have to do with DRUMMER? Last issue, you may recall, DRUMMER Went to a Slave Auction. This issue, on page 10, DRUMMER Goes to a Leather Wedding. So far as we know, no one painted "Just Married" on or tied old boots to the getaway Harlev.

Another First Anniversary "first" is that, with this issue, DRUMMER is going monthly. An ambitious undertaking, to be sure, but also an answer to repeated requests. And each issue will be filled with the same sort of top quality material which has distinguished DRUMMER thus far. We've refused to settle for mediocrity in any aspect of the magazine, and we'll continue to strive for excellence. We'll continue to walk that fine line between aesthetic sophistication and hot stuff, to produce a publication that will give our audience thinker's cramp as well as jerker's cramp. Considering that our circulation has grown with each succeeding issue, we must be doing something right!

One year old, many years wiser . . . and still doing it to the beat of the DRUMMER!

— Jeanne Barney

## MALECALL/Dear Sir:

### NO FISH STORY

The Leather Fraternity is the best organization to appear since Moby Dick was a minnow. I first heard of it in Dallas and have heard considerable talk of it here. It's great that there now exists a group seriously interested in the finer things in life, with a great magazine and an aboveboard, discreet method of contacting one another. Hang in there!

Pete  
Denver, CO

### HATES CRAP, LOVES SCAT

The review of the stage musical, "Boy Meets Boy," in DRUMMER No. 5 is exactly the kind of faggotry I had hoped to avoid in The Leather Fraternity. The two illustrations are revolting, and even the tenor of the article is faggy. Please don't louse up future issues of what is otherwise a good Macho magazine with this kind of crap.

But thanks for the "Scat" article in the same issue.

It is high time someone brought this "taboo" subject out into the open. I can think of more appealing and exciting ways to enjoy the scat scene than those in the Frank Edwards article, but . . . to each his own.

The excellent sketch accompanying the article hints at some real excitement. Who did it? It is unsigned, unless that tattoo on the stud's shoulder is the signature . . . "The Poundcaker"? Whozat?

Don  
Tucson, AZ

*The sketch was done by noted San Francisco artist Chuck Arnett. Who did not do "Boy Meets Boy."*

### PHIL'S FAN

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed the latest DRUMMER.

The Phil Andros story, "Babysitter," was a real turn-on. I've enjoyed Phil's escapades for years and like them more all the time. What I want to hear more about are the guys, Jim and Ike, on the

Alley. I don't know whether I would want to meet Jim or Ike first. However, let us hear more about those two and the playroom.

You have whet our fantasy; now make us come for more!

H.G.H.  
San Francisco, CA

### A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON HIS WAY TO THE ADVOCATE . . .

The following is a letter I sent to the Editor of the Advocate right after their obvious coverage of the Leather Fraternity Slave Auction Benefit. They did not choose to print it or any other of the many letters protesting their attitude. I am sending it to your "Letters" page . . .

Dear Editor:

Your recent editorial on the Mark IV raid (Issue 190) is a pompous, unjust tirade against 40 Gay persons, victimized by the Los Angeles Metro Squad.

Relying on "police reports" and "Unverifiable reports" you proceed to denounce the leadership of the LA Gay community for supporting their brothers and sister.

Until recently I had been living in San Bernardino with my parents, trying to save enough money to go back to school. As a week-end member of the Mark IV health club, I volunteered as a slave that night, after determining the auction was legit and getting a spirit of the evening.

We were merely poking fun at ourselves, which — as any ethnic group can testify to — is the most meaningful and personal form of humor.

Dragged in front of the television cameras, I was rejected by my step-father and lost my job. But through the anxiety, depression and insecurity of dealing with my family and a new city, one thing has kept me together — the love and solidarity of the Los Angeles Gay community.

I've often felt that most Gay people were self-centered; seeking their own personal sexual gratifications — that they've internalized society's disgust to the point where it's easy and expected not to have the qualities of integrity, loyalty and love. Thank God I was wrong. The sense of friendship and unity that I have found in LA has kept my nerves from coming unglued during these past difficult weeks.

How dare you pass judgment on the Pat Roccas, the Bob Siricos, the Troy Perrys, the James Sandmires, the Morris Kights; the Robert Paynes; when it is these very people who have given me their hand in friendship — supported me in this, the most difficult period in my life. They went with us to court, helped raise money for our justice and have even given of their time to counsel me. You worry that these leaders are putting the "worst foot" forward. That's like a doctor worrying about the color of his patient's

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suit instead of the sickness attacking him. I couldn't care less that this raid came at a "most unfortunate time." Unlike the staff of the Advocate I no longer have to worry about appearances and being Mr. Johnny-come-straight.

My family has been through much these past weeks. I have been labeled all kinds of things. There have been divisions in my family; telephone calls in the middle of the night, snide remarks by friends and business associates, the whole range of reactions. It is they who have suffered the most. Why? Because I agreed to help charity and have some fun.

You seem to worry about the money it will cost to fight the anti-consensual sex referendum. Leave it to the Advocate to think about money when the chips are down.

Nowhere in the editorial was there a comment about the flagrant, abusive use of police power. Nowhere was there concern for those of us victimized by this police invasion.

Real people were involved in this

travesty of justice; sensitive people, frightened people — persons I have come to love and respect. The LA Gay leadership was not dealing with dollars or abstract political concepts but with people — their brothers and sister. They put themselves on the line, as did many people in the community, because they were concerned not with who were the organizers or what types of clothes the participants wore, but they were in support of human dignity and justice.

You chastise the LA Gay leaders for their concern because you question the legitimacy of the charity event. For this you rely on police reports. That speaks for itself.

The most offensive statement of the editorial is "why should we be forced to share the disrepute of others?" Yes, I am in disrepute — thanks to the LAPD. Thank God for the leaders of the LA Gay community; they braved the publicity and the nervous nellyes of San Mateo to offer a helping hand to a brother. They have given me a family far greater than the one

I lost. But you of the Advocate, who deal in money and appearances, don't understand that.



"Outrageous..." R. Payne

"Art..." R. Opel

"Ultimate perversion..." E. Davis

"Definitely not on MY coffee table..."

D. Goodstein

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# Interview: JACK WRANGLER

SEX SYMBOL, SUPERSTAR SAYS IT ALL . . . ESPECIALLY FOR DRUMMER

There are no chains hanging from his walls, no sign of a torture rack or stocks in his two-room West Hollywood apartment, but sex symbol Jack Wrangler is no stranger to "The Scene." Asked point-blank if he's ever gotten into B&D or S&M, he answers with characteristic candor "Yes, I have. I can dig it. I'm turned on generally by what the other guy's turned on by, because I want him to be so fuckin' turned on to me when I'm with him. I want to completely explore whatever sexual fantasies he has. So, if he's been into an S and M scene . . . sure, I've gotten into it myself."

Interviewing this hunky stud is an exercise in astonishment, beginning with the fact that he is even sexier in the flesh than he appears in his photographs and movies. A Cancer (July 11), he is literally an image-maker's product, from the understated strength of his swimmer's shoulders and pecs to the white athletic socks and well-worn sneakers, the prototypical hustler carefully molded by endless sweating hours at the gym and a very special diet. His denim work shirt is unbuttoned to the navel, sleeves rolled way up over impressive biceps, and his patched jeans are artfully fitted through crotch and buttocks to conceal revealingly.

He settles in a wicker armchair across from you, legs spread wide, a can of Lite beer in one hand and a Marlboro long in the other. So perfectly has the image been nurtured that you expect surly, semi-literate, streetboy talk. Your astonishment increases when he begins to answer your questions: you learn immediately that the mind and heart behind that surface are at odds with the externals. It's the ol' book and cover syndrome. This guy is educated, bright, and witty, not a broken home product of the wrong side of the tracks but the son of internationally known show biz figures,

born in the very right section of Beverly Hills and educated in private schools and academies until he went to college at Northwestern.

How to explain the metamorphosis? It was all very craftily calculated, coming close upon the violent breakup of a love affair about a year ago. He reveals it was "one of those destructive kinds of love affairs where he and I were in fist fights most of the time. But we were so heavily involved with one another that it was, uh, draining. We tried to stick it out, but it got pretty bloody, and we decided that it wasn't really very healthy for either of us. I got very angry and thought 'Well, I love that kind of fire in a relationship, but I'd rather have it at a distance.'

"And I thought 'all right, why not go ahead and create an image as a performer where you can have that kind of fiery relationship but always keep a wall . . . ?' That's one of the things that really had a great deal to do with 'Wrangler,' that break-up. That kind of thing forces you into making a move. Sometimes it's one of the greatest things that ever happened, and sometimes it can be very destructive. But nothing could have been more destructive than that affair."

"Finally — my parents were living in Santa Barbara when this all happened — I went up there and stayed drunk for, oh, two or three weeks, 'til I could finally cope with everything and try to put the pieces together. Y' know, my lover and I had almost killed each other at one point! That's when we decided 'this isn't very healthy'."

But how does one go about creating a whole new person out of oneself? Well, things have a way of coming together. Jack, while serving a hitch in the Navy at San Diego, had done some fashion modeling and, not surprisingly, had caught a few eyes. At the time, Hollywood's Paris

Theatre had live go-go boys but wanted something different, a more provocative act. Having made quite a name for himself as a director when fresh out of college, Jack was asked to direct something of that nature there, but it didn't appeal to him.

"But then they asked me if I'd perform. But I didn't wanna dance, and I didn't think that was what they were really looking for. I was also concerned then about a lot of things that were happening in the hypocritical morality syndrome that America has. I'd been brought up very liberally with my family. I decided what I wanted to do was create a fantasy image on stage, and never break that fourth wall to the audience, so that a guy could come out and transpose himself into a whole other area."

"For example, the first time I did it I came out dressed basically the way I am now, with a cigarette. Then I put the cigarette out and opened my shirt and just started getting off on myself. And that was basically the bit, just variations on that kind of theme: somebody alone, in a situation that is kind of provocative, getting turned on to himself. I never actually touched myself, but at one point, after stripping, I turned my back to the audience and looked like I was going through a tremendous orgasm that brought me to my knees."

"I came out with a hard-on in the last segment of the show, in a leather harness thing. But I never built to a hard-on, never teased. I was always a person who was remote and never connected with the audience at all."

"My very clever manager was also involved at that time, and he had thought it would be a good idea to change the image, too, so he put me in a gym for six or eight months, and built the whole thing out of that, starting it all very



"I think people are more into the masculinity connected with the leather scene . . . It's an image that was set up many, many years ago as the height of being a male."



"It's a masculine image, a dominant force, and it's two guys getting into each other as guys . . . there's never an effeminacy about their relationship."



"If somebody gets off on tying me up or me tying them up or something like that, it's perfectly all right with me. That's cool because I know what they're getting at."



*"I'm turned on by what the other guy's turned on by, because I want him to be so fuckin' turned on to me when I'm with him. I want to completely explore whatever sexual fantasies he has. So, if he's been into an S&M scene . . . sure, I've gotten into it myself."*

carefully. My whole life changed then. I became very disciplined. And I loved it!"

Along with the change of image came the change of name to "Wrangler." It had to be changed because the Paris Theatre show, "Hard Hat," was non-Equity, and Jack was a union member who had already been fined once for appearing in a non-Equity show. When asked what he was going to call himself, he didn't know. Then he looked at the back of his shirt and saw "Wrangler" and thought it wasn't too bad. In addition, the TV show his dad was then producing was a western, and the family was heavily into the western image.

From the Paris Theatre, where he had been hired for three weeks and was renewed for several more, emerged the final image. He became an immensely popular model, doing centerfold after centerfold, some porno flicks and, eventually, two plays in San Francisco: "Special Friends," in which he played a hustler, and the title role in "Rusty." His latest movie, "Kansas City Trucking Company," in which he plays a truck dispatcher, is due for release this July. Jack refers to the film as "the 'Gone With The Wind' of gay porno movies."

He is utterly open about his sexual orientation: "I'm gay and I dig guys. There's very little that is bisexual about me. I guess the first sex experience I had was at St. George's Prep School in Rhode Island. I was on the swim team there, and I was initiated by being gang-banged by the whole rest of the team. I was about 13 at the time. It was at a party. I'd finally made the varsity, and they were throwing the party to welcome me. I remember getting pretty active at that party. I got off on it very quickly. The desire had certainly been there."

"After St. George's I wanted to go to UCLA but my grades weren't good enough, and Northwestern needed swimmers very badly, so I ended up going there. The only thing about the swimming was that I'm not a competitive person when there're a lot of people around me. I mean, I may be competitive when I don't know who the next guy is, or I'm not close to him. But when you've got four guys lined up in a swim meet, and you know every one of them wants to win, it always made me feel very bad because I didn't want anybody to lose, yet I wanted to win, too."

His main event was the masochistic 100-yard backstroke. He laughs off that aspect of the sport, preferring as an explanation, with no little vanity, that "it was great for me — I could keep my head out of the water. The gun used to scare the shit outta me, though. I'd get half-a-length on that, just 'cause I thought somebody had shot at me!"

At the present time, Jack spends at least two hours a day, six days a week,

Continued on next page



Photo by Hy Chase



working out at a nearby gym under a personalized program geared specifically to the image he must now maintain. Nutrition is also involved, and his diet is a fascinating one developed more or less through trial and error. To begin with, he eats only two meals a day, supplemented by about 15 vitamins, including one megavitamin pill. One of those meals is a special health drink, the only meal he takes at home.

"It consists of a 'yeast-plus' thing. It's yeast with a lot of other things in it — a combination of vegetable and meat protein powders. And then there's honey in it, there's banana in it, there're three eggs in it and often there's yoghurt in it. I know that sounds like a lot of cholesterol, but remember that I burn it all up at the gym. I can get away with an awful lot, foodwise.

"It's the same thing with liquor. It's like, for a long time I only drank beer. And then I thought 'well, no, that's not good.' So I went into hard liquor. But who wants to get up in the morning and know they're gonna feel *that* way all day long? I prefer to have a beer. And I found that beer — especially this new light stuff — is about the best kind of alcoholic beverage you can drink because there's a certain amount of food value in it.

"And, also, if you feel bad in the morning or something, it gives you a lift that liquor really doesn't. Liquor's a depressant. I don't find beer that way at all. Like, have you ever gone into a bar and you're drinking beer and all of a sudden you find you're really getting turned on to people around you and everything... whereas you drink hard liquor, and all of a sudden you get into that manic-depressive state?"

The subject of going to bars leads to questions about his social life. Does he also go to the baths? "No, not the baths. The reason I stopped going to the baths was not that I didn't dig it, because I really did. I dug the whole shebang, the orgy rooms, the individual scenes, everything about it.

"The problem was that I would meet people there that I had either worked with or knew as friends and all of a sudden I'd be put in a position that if they propositioned me, 'then what the hell am I going to say?' There are a lot of people who are friends, that I really love dearly that I'm not into sexually. And I wouldn't want to embarrass them by saying 'no,' and I wouldn't want to be a bum for them by saying 'yes.' So it puts me in a very awkward position with people.

"I have gone to baths where all of a sudden I'll run into somebody like that, and I'll say 'aw, gee, I was just leaving.' And I'd only have been there two minutes, but I'll get on my clothes and leave. That's happened to me a lot in the last year. I love the scene, I think it's great! But I find it awkward because I don't want to hurt people's feelings."

By this time in the interview astonishment is customary. Jack Wrangler's sensitivity toward other people bubbles refreshingly like a woodland stream under everything he says and does. He brings beer, lights cigarettes, supplies a clean ashtray. He laughs as readily and easily at

his own *ban mots* as at your occasional weak sallies. Further, he is one of those very rare celebrities who actually knows how to deal with flattery and compliments. In all, an utter delight to be with.

Does he have any idols, people he would like to be with? "God, I *respect* an awful lot of people! I admire Burt Reynolds very much. I'm a big fan of his. He's one of those rare guys that combines an intense masculine sexuality — which he always has — with a great sense of humor. Not many can do that! And I went through a thing of being a Namath fan for a while. And some basketball player — Weston? — Wester? — anyway, I used to think he was pretty sharp. Never met him, though.

"I directed Sal Mineo in Florida in 'Sunday in New York,' and we became very good friends. I had a great respect for him, that great love and enjoyment of other people that he had. And there wasn't anything egotistical about him. A good listener, too. I was doing a show in San Francisco — 'Special Friends,' I think — at the same time he was there doing 'P.S. Your Cat is Dead.' And then I had just been talking to Sal two days before the murder. That was a hell of a tragedy. A lot of tears were shed."

He abruptly changes the subject, and offers some interesting comments on the leather scene. "I think people are more into the *masculinity* connected with the leather scene... and the western scene, as well... so that to them, and to many of us, including me, it *means* masculinity. It's an image that was set up many, many years ago as the height of being a male.

"So I think that they're more off on the clothes and the *look* than they are on being beat up or the actual physical pain. I'm not really into inflicting pain on anybody or having it inflicted on me, but if somebody gets off on tying me up or me tying them up or something like that, it's perfectly all right with me. That's cool! Because I know what they're getting at. I never thought it was this deal where they felt they needed to be punished or anything else.

"It's a masculine image, a dominant force, and it's two guys getting into each other as guys and stressing *that* and being very conscious about it. So that they never feel that there's an effeminacy about their relationship. I've had love affairs with guys where we never got into that at all. Which was great!

"But I'm a fan of clothes, too, I really am. I feel that they have a great deal to do with the sexuality of an individual. That's why, in the shows I do, the clothes I wear are very important to me. And if I do a strip in a show — I do have to take off something these days or the audience feels cheated — and I always try to leave something on. Because when you're *completely* nude there's a vulnerability up there on the stage that some people can interpret as being somewhat effeminate. And, to an extent, complete nudity takes away a personal identity.

"We all want to classify people. And certainly people classify 'Wrangler'! So, with that, the minute you're completely stripped you are like every other man,

like 'Everyman'. And we're all pretty much alike in that state. When there're clothes involved, there's something that's distinctive to you, and it's part of what attracts somebody to you in the first place. Generally speaking, they never see you completely naked to begin with.

"And even in *my* case, people see me dressed before I get nude!"

This tremendous preoccupation, albeit understandable, about his image and his body leads you to ask Jack Wrangler about the future. What, for example, does he see himself doing, say, ten years from now? The answer, tongue-in-cheek and followed by a hearty laugh, comes immediately: "The will be in it, I'll do a strip!" But then, more soberly, he sees himself doing some more directing, primarily stage shows. The real goal, the real aim, is a familiar one: "I want to do the most professional and artistic films. And I hope, God willing, that they relax some of the laws in this field and make it possible for good filmmakers to make some really exciting films in the pornography area.

"It's happening already. The people I worked with on this last film are all associated with major film companies... and there they were, doing gay porno. You know, making that film, 'Kansas City Trucking Company,' has to have been the high point of my career so far. I'm starring in it with some of the most attractive turn-on people I've ever worked with!"

The final astonishment is Jack's confession that a completely phony biography was created when "Wrangler" was created, so that people have an entirely false picture of him. It was done "to get rid of the actor thing, which can be a sort of turn-off." Now it can be told: the San Francisco hustler is actually a Beverly Hills product, the all-American blond-haired, blue-eyed ploy next door.



Photo by Hy Chaso

Photo sets of JACK WRANGLER are available at \$5 for SIX 8" X 10" glossies (not the 5" X 7" most studios offer). Send your check to: ROBERT PAYNE, 6636 Santa Monica Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90038. California residents, please add 30¢ sales tax.



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## DRUMMER GOES TO A *Leather*



Weddings always seem to be the same. Shoes and rice; wedding cake and champagne; the vows and the rings. The ritual itself has held so fast that any "variations" have merely been alterations in the setting. People have been married in the nude; while sky diving; on back-packs in the Grand Tetons; and surely some wonderful couple has been "hitched" at MacDonald's — Mayor McCheese officiating, reception in the Hamburgler Room. Men have been married to each other; such ceremonies are fairly routine in the "Gay" Church where it is professed that Jesus loves cocksuckers (though not expressed in exactly that terminology) and wants to extend His sacraments to them. Nobody has been married to an animal yet only, I suspect, because it is a hot ticket to Leavenworth (the honeymoon would be a bust), but shortly it will happen and someone will be fumbling for a set of engraved gold bands — "Wild thing, You make my heart sing! Raaaah!"



# Wedding

WORDS & PICTURES by  
BOB OPEL



If you want to go the monogamous route, who needs permission? Weddings these days seem irrelevant; the peasants don't have to be compelled to produce enough children to glean the harvest while being persuaded that their lives are being ennobled by their actions. The institution survives like a giant brontosaurus which, while visiting Manhattan, accidentally sits on the Empire State Building. (He came to destroy yet stayed for Love.) But Tom Bertman and Fred Schultz don't think so. They just got married in a Leather Bar.

"We met at *Griff's*," Tom says. "Since I also work there, we decided to have our wedding ceremony there." A white crepe paper, fan-out wedding bell is suspended between a poster touting the hospitality of the D.C. Eagle and an ad for the Cycle Sluts in concert at the Whiskey, as all of the trappings of a wedding suddenly materialize in the middle of a clubhouse frequented by aficionados of leather dress and motorcycle riding who fairly frequently also fuck each other. The Reverend Bud Bunce, who is wearing a leather vest for the occasion, is wringing his hands and pacing nervously, contemplating the choreography of one of his first marriage gigs. Finally all the best men take their places and the ceremony begins.





## Leather Wedding

"We were so thrilled with our relationship, we wanted to make it a formal union — you know, do it openly and in front of our friends. It was never meant to be a joke," says Fred.

The ritual survives intact. The parties pledge their truth while outside in the parking lot about 20 bikes glide into place for a Bike Christening. Griff, the owner and proprietor of *Griff's*, lovingly lays a bottle of champagne wrapped in a white towel right next to the front tire of each of the bikes. A bartender slips through the crowd balancing a three-tiered wedding cake. At last the vows are exchanged, and the Reverend raises his hands in blessing. Tom, dressed in the ceremonial garb of the Iron Cross Motorcycle Club, embraces Fred, who is wearing a white tuxedo with a frilly formal shirt and a white tie; they sip from the same glass, feed each other wedding cake, hug their friends and depart for a honeymoon in the Sequoia National Forest.

Before leaving Tom says, "We feel we are now married in the eyes of God; we're just as married as our mothers and fathers are."

After their honeymoon, I again talked to Fred and Tom. Fred told me they had had a wonderful time and would remember their wedding for the rest of their lives. Tom said he was glad to be married. "All that cruising, it's so sad; there are so many other things to do than look for bodies," he said as he remembered seeing some of his friends saunter into *Griff's* to spend the evening at the site of their leather wedding only a week earlier.

— Robert Opel











Photo by Jim Flores

FETISH FETISH FETISH FETISH  
FETISH FETISH FETISH FETISH



It is written that after Adam took a bite of an apple in the Garden of Eden, he covered his nakedness with a fig leaf. Thus was born the first men's underwear.

During the early Greek games, athletes used a type of tunic binder to keep their private parts from flapping in the wind. The ancient Romans also had their version of the forerunner of the athletic supporter.

Modern athletes, most notably those who must wear boxer-type trunks, look to the simple but purposeful jockstrap to keep their cocks comfortably cupped in so that they don't snake down their shorts leg, thus scaring the horses and a faint-hearted matron or two. Basketball players, wrestlers and swimmers are synonymous with lithe, youthful sports figures whose cocks and balls lie protected in single cotton pouches which offer more genital security than do baggy boxers.

Therefore, jockstraps have come to symbolize the athletic masculinity one would associate with sports figures or those engaged in virile or strenuous activity. The mere thought conjures up visions of young Olympic swimmers, stripping off their trunks, exposing wet jocks beneath, the damp elastic cloth clinging to genitals, outlining young cocks and heavy testicles. Jockstraps are virility personified.

In this era of women's liberation, jockstraps are also the one remaining item of apparel which belongs solely to the male. Shirts, pants and boots long ago fell to feminine fashion. Just as a woman's bra with its dual pouches heaving to hold female breasts erect can have a universal erotic effect of the average heterosexual male, so can a full jockstrap holding the entire male genital system in one cotton package stir erotic arousal in the macho-oriented gay male.

In this time of photographic license, pictures of completely nude males in various stages of erection and sexual coupling, there are still a great many people who dig fantasy. They find the barely covered body sexier and far more stimulating and titillating than the totally nude figure.

As with any fetish, fantasy is the basis of the sexual arousal. The object is merely a catalyst which triggers a mental sexual stimulation. When groveling at the soft white pouch of a jockstrap, the fantasizer can be having sex with anyone he wants from O.J. Simpson or Mark Spitz to the young high school track runner who lives just down the street.

To aid in the fantasy, the jockstrap and its worshippers can utilize the five basic senses to heighten the thrill of the trip.

The vision of a masculine athletic body: the blond, hairless, smooth curvature of a young Mark Harmon or the hirsute ruggedness of Joe Namath stepping out of his uniform after a hard game, stripping to his jockstrap, grab-assing with his teammates before the showers. The sight of a swollen cock outlined through the elastic material which stretches and shrinks to fit the bulbous fullness of the

is, round, hairy testicles heaving at the torn of the pouch like eggs coerced into cotton material; dark pubic hair corkscrewing through scattered pores in the pouch. A vision of everything that is the height of masculinity.

For the olfactory freak, a jockstrap is a wealth of stimuli. The smell of a man's crotch . . . that delicious odor of the game . . . locker room aroma . . . sweaty balls . . . preseminal seepage, cum stains, leaked piss . . . a hint of unwashed, uncut cock . . . or the soapy clean smell of a showered athlete. The fantasy is limited only by the imagination of the fantasizer.

Taste and tactile excitement come easily as you lie there with your head between his two hairy widespread legs, the jockstrap stretched before your lips and fingers, while you run your tongue between his thighs and the cotton pouch. A hint of salty sweat collects on the tip of your tongue and quickly passes down to the taste buds, activating the salivary glands. As you run your fingers and open mouth across the flaccid or tumid mound entrapped in the pouch, you taste and feel the rough cotton and the tender flesh beneath. Slowly pull the elastic band down to expose the head and glans of the penis. Savor the oral excitement as your lips move from cold fibrous material to warm living flesh.

Just the harshly guttural sound of the word "jock" is stimulating to the ears and imagination. The word frequently adds to the sensual appeal of classified ads in underground papers . . . "Hot Young Jock Wanted." The word itself is from the old English slang for "penis" and immediately establishes a sexual connotation.

I remember a sexual experience I had once, when I was younger, while watching a young carpenter standing on a ladder to install a light fixture. As I stood holding the ladder, his crotch was at my eye level. I became totally transfixed by the bulge in his groin area. He was young and blond and the sweat on his body accented in sharp detail his smooth, sinewy definition. He wasn't wearing a shirt, and his levis hung low on his hips as he stretched his arms upward while working on the fixture. The low levis exposed the elastic band of a jockstrap hugging his damp waist.

The longer I stared at this, the more excited I became. Finally, when I could stand it no longer, I buried my face in his crotch. He was startled at first but went right on with his work, ignoring me . . . or, at least, pretending to.

With trembling fingers, I reached up and unbuttoned his levis and slowly slid them open and down his thighs, exposing a jockstrap damp with perspiration, the soft white of the material almost blending into his tan line. Again I buried my face in his crotch and felt the coarse, damp material scratch softly against my face, the odor of a man's crotch filling my nostrils. I pressed my lips against his pouch. I could feel his cock come alive inside and begin to grow from the stimulation. After what seemed an eternity, I edged his cock out through the side of the jockstrap and finished him off while he stood there on the ladder. That was the fulfillment for me of a longtime masturbation fantasy.

Regardless of your fetish . . . be it jockstraps, military boxer shorts, athletic socks, engineer boots, or even black lace panties . . . the important thing is not "why?" or "what does it mean?" but only that you enjoy it for what it is.



Photo by Jim Morris



# LIFE AS A LEATHER BARTENDER

Much of the social life in the gay LeatherWorld of men occurs in Leather and western bars. We've had the opportunity to work in Leather bars in several cities, an exciting and socially rewarding occupation but one which carries its own peculiar frustrations and limitations.

A good Leather bartender in Los Angeles can just as readily find employment in New York or San Francisco. Each Leather bar in each city is unique, but they all have features in common. And it is one of the last sacred citadels of masculinity, with this adoration of masculine virtues reflected in the trappings of the bar and the personalities of the personnel.

Many types of people go to leather bars for a variety of reasons. Their occupations vary from banker to male secretary to lawyer to mechanic to hairdresser, yet in costume and image they may be cowboys or bikers, depending on their moods or the images they wish to create.

## BAR BEAUTIFUL

It's unlikely that any leather bar will ever be featured in *Better Homes and Gardens*. Motifs vary from early dungeon to contemporary construction site. The bar usually has a large, rectangular, barn-like interior and a sawdust-covered concrete floor. The few barstools along the massive wooden bar are often augmented by stacks of beer cases along the wall for additional seating. On the walls you may see construction signs, ranch implements, S&M artifacts and posters of bars, benefits, bike runs and brawny bodies.

The pool table may serve as an essential focal point. Some customers actually play pool, while others just stand around to watch or kibitz.

Music is also an important part of the atmosphere. Until a few years ago, most Leather bars relied on jukeboxes heavily laden with western music. Today, many bars play their own music over elaborate sound systems. The bartender or DJ plays all types of music, from country and western to disco. Choice of music, as well as the image he himself creates, is as important as the decor of the bar in helping to set the mood the customer will enjoy.

## BOOZE AND INTANGIBLES

Obviously, a bartender sells drinks. He also deals in intangibles. A customer goes to a Leather bar to satisfy his own special preferences. He seeks the company of masculine, Leather-oriented men, and the bartender is the most obviously accessible person for social intercourse. His interaction with the customer provides an initial introduction, and the bartender in turn may introduce him to other custo-



mers to make him feel more comfortable and cheerful.

The bartender may create different images from night to night. One night he may be in full Leather attire. The following night he may be a hot sailor. No matter what costume or image he assumes, his pleasant, outgoing personality will add to the enjoyment of the patron. He may serve as an agreeable social acquaintance, social director, guardian of lawful conduct or an object of sexual desire.

### SEX SYMBOL

The bartender in a Leather bar is often endowed with attractive physical and masculine attributes. Whatever the bartender's assets may be, they are enhanced by the fact that he *IS* the bartender. Many a customer who wants to go home with the bartender would be less eager for his company if he were just another customer.

Of course, the bartender's social life extends beyond the walls of the bar. He may encounter patrons of the bar in restaurants, stores or just walking down the street. Because of his job and working hours, the bartender is far more available than most for limited conversation, but less available for extensive outside socializing.

A customer leaves after an evening of fun and relaxation away from a tedious job. He may envy the bartender's combination of work and social pleasure. The bartender, on the other hand, is still at work after the bar closes. By the time he's finished stocking beer, sweeping floors and unwinding from a busy night, most potential after-hours acquaintances are preparing to go to their morning jobs.



Toby Bailey - Leather Bar Star



Bernie Prock - Ready For Action

### HAZARDOUS DUTY

The Bartender in a gay Leather bar must continually maintain a balance between good times and good taste. He wants his customers to enjoy themselves, but he must still control the behavior of those whose actions are socially or legally hazardous.

The bartender has a responsibility to his clientele to provide an atmosphere for free social expression in a masculine environment while monitoring and limiting the actions of those who are obnoxious or offensive to the other customers. A good bartender can usually modify the actions of a moderately unruly customer without seriously offending him or losing his business. If it becomes necessary to rebuke the customer, he should do so with a minimum of verbal or physical confrontation.

Some of the most difficult tasks of the leather bartender are his duties in regard to liquor laws and the penal code. He must act as both judge and jury in determining which actions of his customers might be illegal. If an undercover policeman feels that he has failed, he may be cited or arrested, even though he himself was not responsible for the legal infraction.

It's a common belief, not without foundation, that certain behavior which is not illegal may provoke harassment from the police. The bartender must be constantly aware of not only the law, but of the current local political climate relative to gay people.

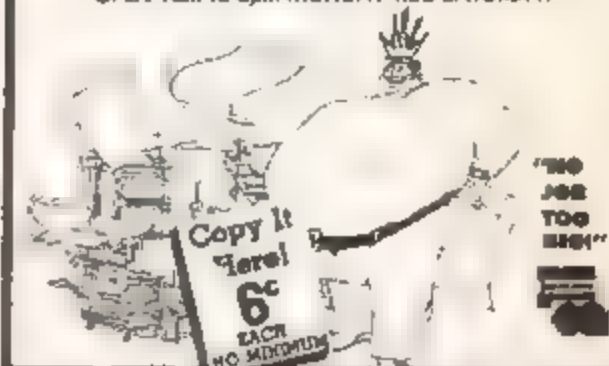
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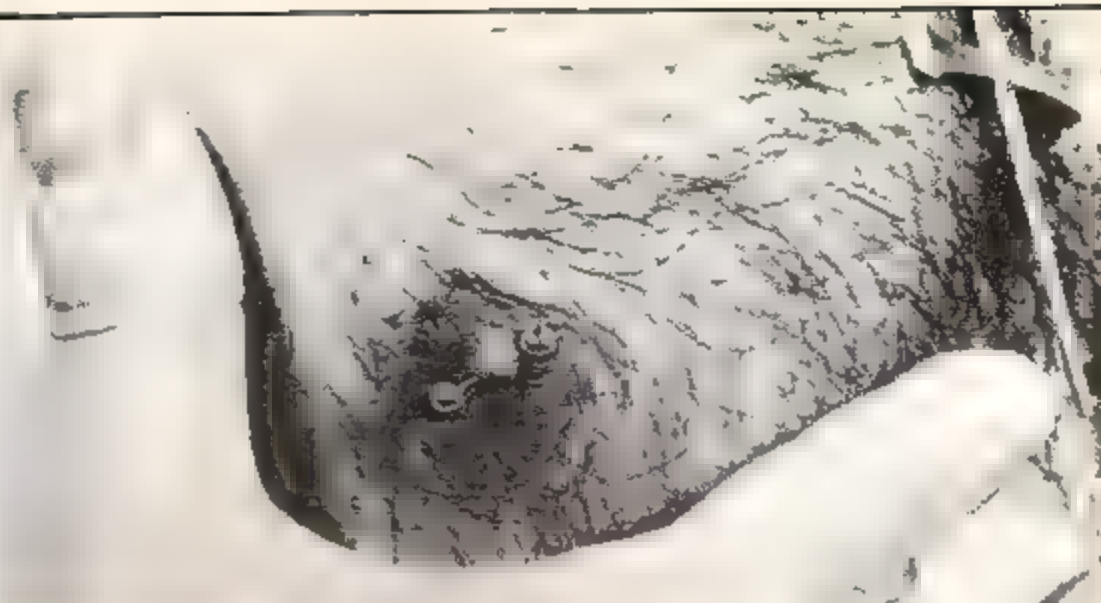
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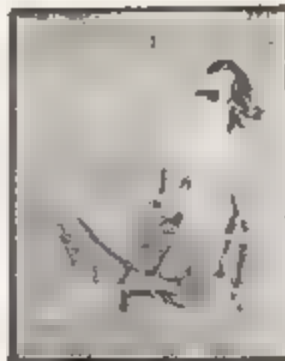


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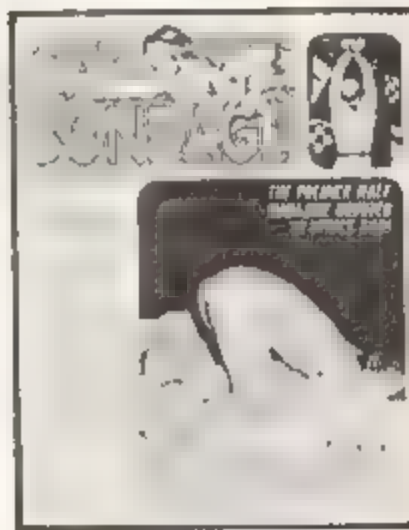
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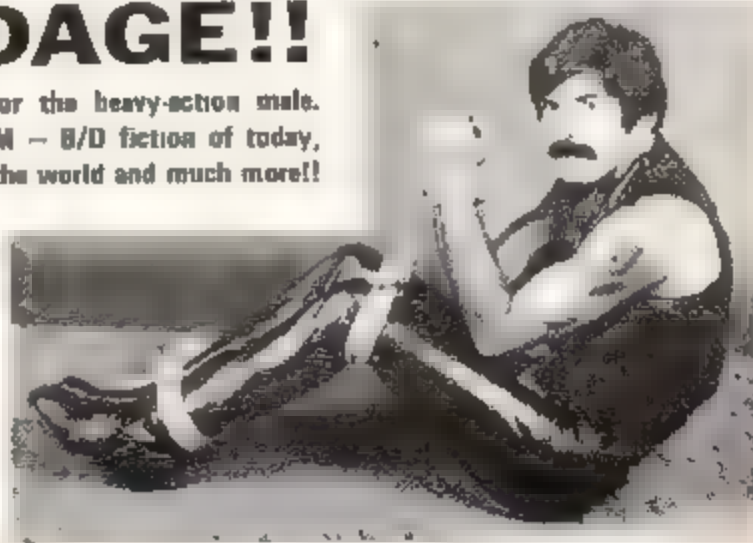


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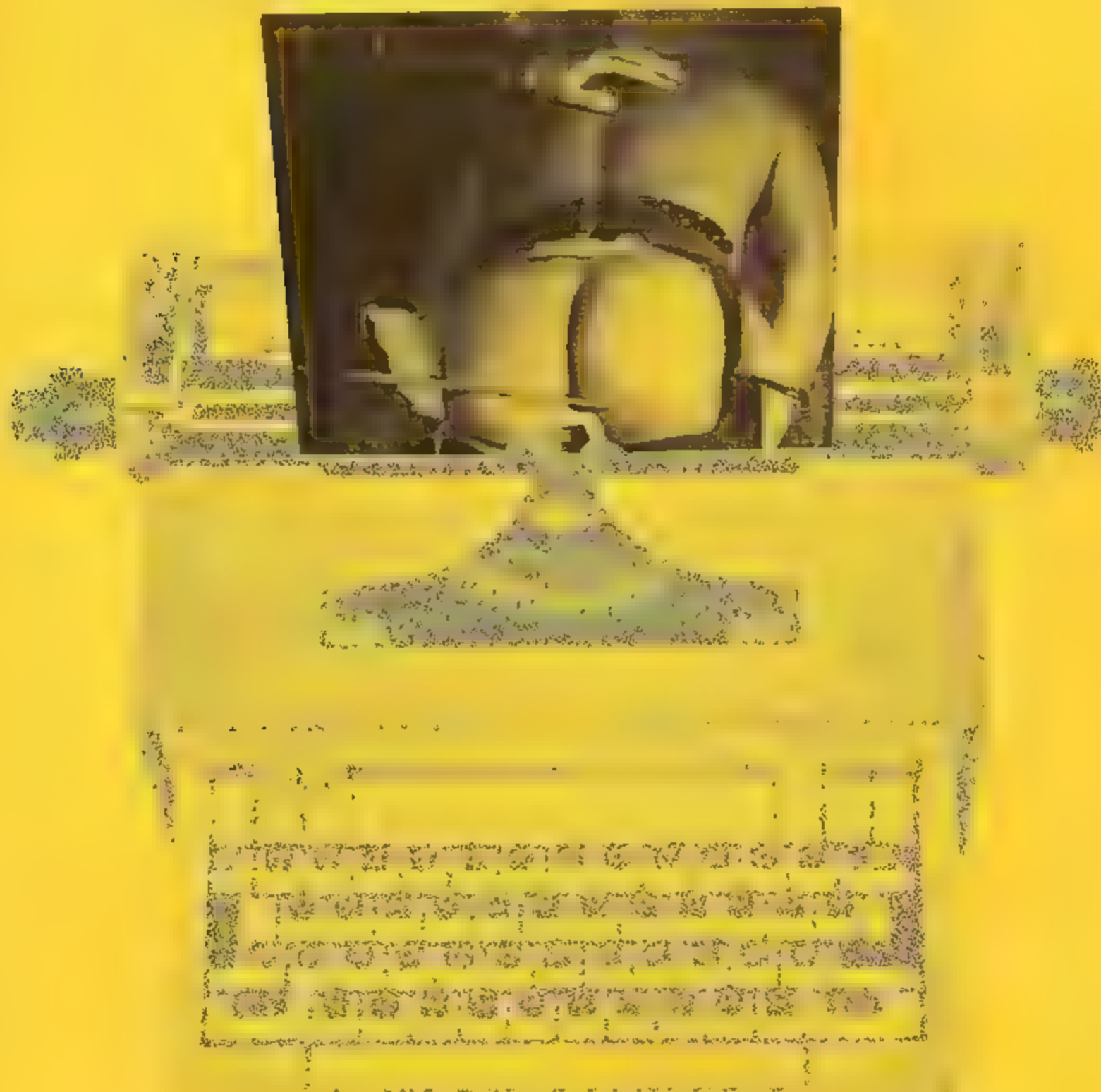
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# EPILOGUE

## ROBERT PAYNE



### Chapter Two

As good a place to start anything is probably at the beginning. At least I can't think of a better place. Dan's and my beginning was on a Thursday in the third week of June, three years ago. I had been told about his arrival by Michael (one never called him "Mike") some time ago. The Great One said there was a guy from back East coming to town on his way to a convention, and he wanted to meet

someone into Leather. What he didn't say was that those he usually would have referred the newcomer to would have turned him down because he was too tall. Like me, they probably preferred a smaller guy to take charge of. This new correspondent had described himself as 6'4" and had sent some pretty bad Polaroid pictures of himself, which he had taken by himself. Michael didn't show me the

pictures but did ask me about the guy. I said, "Sure, what the hell," and to this day I wonder what my life would have been had I said otherwise.

I promptly forgot all about it until the day in question. Michael, bless his Virgo heart, called to remind me that I would be hearing from Dan that evening, and again it got filed in the back of my mind. In fact, when I got home from the office,



I had a call from someone who had been by about a month earlier and wanted another session. This guy had made such an undistinguished impression that I couldn't even remember him, but I gave him the same, "Sure, what the hell." When he showed, and answered to the name of Bill, as per our telephone conversation, I tried to get fired up to turn on with him. I remembered, when I saw him, that his trip was mostly mental and he had lots of hang-ups. We were renewing old acquaintances when the phone rang. It was Dan, who sounded light and studiously casual, perhaps not sure of his reception. I feigned enthusiasm, mostly out of curiosity, and told Bill we were going down to pick up a friend from out of town. Bill wasn't too enthusiastic either but, passive soul that he was, he merely got into the car and down the hill we went.

The airport bus makes three stops in Hollywood, the final one being the Roosevelt Hotel. As I turned down Hollywood Boulevard, there on the corner stood a tall blond in a brown jacket and cowboy boots. I remember the boots made his feet seem small for his height. He was no 6'4", but rather exactly my height of just over 6'. We were about the same build, but he was bigger in the chest and I, heavier in the legs. He was all smiles and I helped him get his suitcase into the back seat. He gave me some packages of macadamia nuts from the plane ride, saying he was allergic to them. If each package represented a drink, he should have been high enough to arrive *without* the plane. I introduced him to Bill and the three of us drove back to the house.

At this point I will introduce Dan's version of the beginning, starting with that evening. Some months later he sent me the following, "the beginning of the Great American Novel." It was as far as he got, but what there is of it, I have no disagreement with. It was probably the most communicative bit of information I ever had from him, either verbal or oral, and I treasure it. Along with his letters, it is among the few indications that I didn't make the whole thing up and label it "wishful thinking," somewhere back in the corridors of my secret mind.

I arranged to meet my master through a referral service. Until that time I had always been on the aggressive side of every relationship and had decided to get a slave of my own. It seemed essential that I find out the proper way to do things and the easiest way to do that was to go as an M with someone.

After some correspondence I arrived in the city and stood on the designated corner, suitcase in hand.

It was a hot night and I was beginning to sweat. My chest hair glistened with moisture, my feet were baking inside my cowboy boots. I was to be met by a black and white Imperial Images racer in my mind, hooded figures with long black whips and thick heavy cocks. I knew that once I got into the car there was no turning back, no matter what happened. Would I be able to stand whatever torture was in store?

The car rounded the corner and pulled up alongside me. A short slight man jumped out, signalled me to put my suitcase in the back seat and get in the front between himself and the driver. I took one last look at the world and got in.

Sitting in the driver's seat was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. Thick brown hair over a rugged massive face. He glanced at me, smiled and winked. His hand reached over and enclosed my knee. I wasn't sure whether to laugh with relief and expectation of a groovy trick or to cry from disappointment. Surely this was no sadist, not with that warm and open manner.

Little was said on the drive to the house; the driver introduced himself (John) and his friend (Bill) and I recounted some misadventures from the trip. As each mile passed I knew that I was in for a very pleasant and memorable weekend.

My assumptions shattered instantly when I was ushered into John's "office." "Strip off your clothes and let's look at the merchandise." The voice was John's but the tone was anything but warm and friendly. My staff sergeant had sounded absolutely maternal by comparison. I glanced at him and quickly looked away. His eyes were still friendly but his mouth was lighter and set in a curious smile, as if to see if I really knew what I was getting into. I didn't.

"Are you going to just stand there or are you going to strip, mister?" I began stripping. "Hurry up, mister!" I hurried, and the cowboy boots which had seemed so handsome and masculine now were a damned nuisance. "Get those pants off, Mister!" I got my pants off and immediately felt a sharp burning pain across my buttocks. "You get three more of those, mister. One for every 'Yes, sir' I didn't hear. What do you say to that, mister?" I said, "Yes, sir."

"That's better, mister. Now bend over and grab your ankles. That's called the position and when I tell you to assume the position that's the way I want you. Any questions, mister?"

"No, sir." The belt crossed my ass again and I closed my eyes and held my breath. I was not going to cry out at this early stage.

"What do you say, mister?" I could think of a few choice things, but I knew that none of them was what he had in mind, so I remained silent.

"When I punish you, I expect to be thanked. You need punishing, don't you, mister?"

"Yes, sir, I think so, sir."

"You what?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I want to be thanked for each stroke beginning now." And he gave me three reasons to be extremely vocal about my gratitude.

"His ass is beginning to get red." The voice was Bill's. I had forgotten he was in the room.

"You want him? Fuck him. Bend over, mister, with your hands against the wall and get fucked." I felt Bill's hands roaming over my ass, separating the cheeks, probing with his finger. I heard the door open and close and realized that John had left the room. Bill dropped his trousers

and his cock fumbled against my ass. Suddenly I was aware that he had slipped inside and was moving; he shuddered and moved out. I had not even felt him in me. He grabbed my nipples and began telling me about slaves he had had and how envious he had been of them. Something in his tone warned me that he was not to be completely trusted. His hands began to pull and twist my nipples, but I knew I must not react or move.

Just then the door opened. John was back. "How's my new slave, Bill?" I heard the question and waited for the answer somehow I felt a lot depended on Bill's evaluation. "He's a good fuck."

"I knew he would be. Are you a good cock-sucking slave, mister?"

"I hope so, sir." The answer came automatically and truthfully. He stood me up, placed his arms around me and kissed me full on the mouth. His tongue asked me a silent question and my body responded. I wanted to please this beautiful master, this gentle man who knew exactly what he wanted and how to get it.

His hands reached down and unbuttoned his Levis; he pulled his cock out and I knew that when he was inside me I would know I had been fucked.

He snapped his fingers. "Let's see you be a good cock-sucking slave, mister." I took his massive cock into my mouth and felt it grow, pressing into the back of my throat. I gagged and felt my stomach contract from the pressure. He laughed. "You're trying but we have some work to do in that department."

He pulled out slightly and let me take the cock at my own speed, pushing it in slightly farther each time. His balls were heavy in my hand and I felt them pull up close to his body. His stomach contracted and his cock pulsed in my mouth. Suddenly he pulled himself out. "Plenty of time for that later; now we have to get you ready for company."

I responded "Yes, sir" but my mind was already conjuring up possibilities. He pulled me to my feet and kissed me full again. "If you are truly my slave, you must do as I say without question. I'll see that nothing hurts you." For the first time since we had entered the house, I looked at his face directly and realized that I had found the perfect master. And he wanted me as a slave. There was nothing I could say to express my happiness except "I'll be the best slave you ever had, sir."

He held me away from him, buttoned his trousers and walked into the closet. "What shall he be tonight, Bill?" He brought out a wool Marine uniform. "This should be hot enough. Put on those trousers." I took the heavy pants from him and put them on, realizing that I had not thought of my cock since I had arrived. It hung in a state of semi-erection and in no immediate danger of coming. My sensations had been in other parts of my body and mainly in my mind. I was to find this the normal pattern. "Leave those pants unbuttoned and let your prick hang out. That big fat slave prick is not going to be of any use to you anymore. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir." I understood. There was no question of my seeking satisfaction in that way unless my master wanted it.





Without knowing it I had progressed from a would-be master to a dedicated slave in a matter of hours.

My Master instructed me to put on the shirt, jacket and hat of the Marine uniform. The jacket was several sizes too small, so he left it unbuttoned also.

"Stand at attention, Slave."

I stuck out my chest as far as it would go. He took hold of my right nipple and placed something on it that caused a rather dull sensation. Then he repeated it with the left one. I could see what looked like an old-fashioned wooden clothespin and felt momentarily disappointed, since I knew they were supposed to cause more pain. What I did not know was that the weight of the pins caused a constantly increasing discomfort. Before very long, I was extremely aware of them.

So there I stood at attention in an extremely tight, extremely hot Marine dress uniform. The clothespins on my nipples were growing more and more insistent. The sweat was running off my brow, and I longed for a cold beer. Yet I was, for some reason, afraid that John would break down and take pity on me and put a stop to my discomfort. I needn't have worried. He didn't.

Just then there was a knock at the door. Shit! Who could that be? We'd just gotten rid of one extra wheel, was there now to be another, or perhaps more than one? I felt secure with John. We didn't need anyone else, but I was in no position to question anything.

"That's probably our nosy neighbor," my Master said. I noticed he never seemed to use "I" or "me" or "my." It was always "our" or "us" or "we." Strange

attitude for such a demanding Master. Or was there someone else involved in this big house? Somehow, I wanted to be the only slave around, not just for now, but possibly for a long time.

"Give me your pants. He's curious about seeing a new face."

I dropped the pants as fast as I could and handed them to my Master, neatly folded. The visitor knocked again.

"Go to the door."

"B-b-but..." I got a crack across my bare ass. I went to the door. Thank God it turned out to be the neighbor, but it could have been anybody.

The poor guy pretended not to notice that I had nothing on below the waist, but he did seem fascinated by being received by a U.S. Marine. Trying not to stare, he made some inane inquiry. My Master signalled to me to tell him that he was busy. I said just that and closed the door in the fellow's face. He didn't knock again, so I guess he got the message.

I reported back. I was ordered to strip down, hang up the uniform and follow him. Out the back door we went, down a couple of flights of stairs, with me wearing nothing but a dog collar and those damned clothespins. We came to a balcony at the lowest level of the building, and John bent me over the railing. He fastened my wrists to my ankles with a couple of belts, and I looked straight down into a yawning abyss. I felt a belt across my prominently exposed ass. Then another whack, harder this time.

"Every time you forget to use the word 'Sir' when you speak to your Master, you're going to get what we'll call the 'Big Five'," he said, giving me

another belt across the ass. "And I want to be thanked for every one of them."

Crack!

"Thank you, Sir."

"Count them, damn it!"

Crack!

"One Sir. Thank you Sir."

The 'Big Five' turned into a dozen by the time I got it right. The blood was rushing to my head, and I was certain that my ass couldn't take another stroke.

My Master untasted me. The thrill of being stark naked out-of-doors with an easy view of other houses, I not in full public, was exhilarating. Maybe I was an exhibitionist as well as a masochist. I gathered that John was pretty sure of his neighbors.

We went into a dark little room with a beamed ceiling, and I was promptly fastened by my wrists to one of the beams. The clothespins came off, hurting far more than they had going on. Then my ankles were chained to eyebolts in the baseboard. I was spread-eagle, helpless. My Master commented about what an attractive decoration I made in the room.

"Thank you, Sir," I said and got my balls twisted.

He went to a tiny refrigerator and got out a can of beer. Standing with that beautiful cold beer in his hand, he surveyed me.

"Not a bad piece of beef," was all that he said. Finally he took pity on the look in my eyes and graciously gave me a long sip of his beer. Then he took me down and rewarded me with a can of my own. I sat at his feet, perfectly content.

I remember that we went to dinner somewhere, and he introduced me to



some friends of his. That is, if "This is my new slave" is an introduction. I wore levis, a T-shirt and the dog collar. One bar sent me back to the car to put on some shoes. What bare feet have to do with the serving of beer, I don't know. Right after that we went back home, as I was fast considering the big house on the hill.

The night proved to be as active as the evening had been. My new Master seemed to be horny at the strangest hours. But that was what I was there for, to serve and to service him. Neither of us got much sleep that night.

The next morning he was very explicit. I woke to find my head being shoved down to his waiting crotch and was told that that was the way he liked to be awakened. The night before, he had shackled me with chains (had they come with the Marine uniform?) and I was cautioned to keep them away from him as I worked. When I got a load straight back to my tonsils, he pushed me out of bed and sent me to make coffee. I dragged my chains to the kitchen, found the coffee and the pot by trial and error, and got things perking. Now what did I do? Go back to my Master's bedside or wait for the damn coffee to finish? His voice decided for me. I went running as fast as the chains would allow. To my surprise, he unlocked the padlocks which held the iron band on each wrist and ankle.

"Consider these your pajamas, boy. You don't sleep with me without them."

The arrangement was beginning to sound like more than just a weekend; what a good feeling. He handed the irons to me to put into a drawer and told me to follow him to the bathroom. My bladder was about to burst, and just seeing the toilet was almost enough to make me pee right then and there.

I decided to risk the question. "Sir, could I use the toilet?"

"What for, boy?"

"To piss, Sir."

"Get into the bathtub, boy."

I'd.

"Lie on your back. Work your legs up the wall."

Resting on my shoulders, I was looking into the barrel of my piss-hardon. The porcelain tub was cold.

"You want to piss? Go ahead."

I was drenched in warm urine, which seemed to run forever. I closed my eyes as it shot all over my face. When it finally stopped, I lay there waiting for further instructions. Suddenly another stream began to cover me.

"Open your mouth, boy."

"Yes, Sir."

I got a mouthful, some of it running down my neck. It's hard to swallow anything lying almost upside down, but he didn't insist that I swallow. He finished and told me to stand up while he turned on the shower. Another thrill! It was cold, really cold. The water started to warm, and I recovered from the initial shock. The effect was almost stimulating. He got in with me, gave me the soap and told me to get to work. I washed his body, starting at the shoulders and lathering on down to his feet. When I stood up, we played drop-the-soap. My God, was he horny! I washed him again, then stood waiting. He

began to wash my body as lovingly as I had his. I'd heard stories of Masters who took their naked Slaves out to the yard and hosed them down. I hoped this was not his bag.

This man was a strange mixture of strength and gentleness. Had he come on too strong, I would have been frightened. I would probably have seen the weekend through, but wouldn't have stayed around much longer than that. It was all too new to me. And had he been weak, I would have thanked him for his hospitality and gone back home disappointed. But there was something quietly commanding about him, and I'd suddenly discovered that I needed commanding. And loving. For the first time, I was aware that there had been a void there too.

The next day was one to remember, although I can't be specific about what I had to do. It seemed so natural that I should serve this man. We did spend most of the day in bed. When we finally got up and dressed, he took me to a place that sells leather items. The owner was a friend of his and took us back to a room that didn't seem to be available to most of the customers. I'd never seen so many fascinating items!

I was made to strip in front of the shop owner and his assistant while my Master ran his hands over my flanks. My prick had shriveled to an embarrassingly small size. My Master tried harnesses on me, then cock rings and ball stretchers. At last he found a combination he liked. Then he put a sheath on my prick, which had first returned to its normal size and next expanded to a dimension I didn't remember ever having seen it. He laced up the sheath until the swollen head was sticking out from the leather tube. My balls were divided and stretched, and I stood at attention in front of the three men. At this point my Master took me by the front of the harness and led me down a hall to a workroom. We passed a couple of guys in leather motorcycle outfits and they smiled at my humiliation. I kept my eyes either straight ahead or on my swollen prick. My Master removed all of the apparatus from me and told me to lie on the cutting table. Mike, the owner of the place, fastened my ankles with a belt to one end of the table and my wrists to the other end. I was stretched out, unable to move.

"Do you mind, John?" he asked.

"Help yourself."

Mike began sprinkling talcum powder on my belly and crotch. What-in-the-hell did he have in mind? I looked at my Master like a beaten puppy. My Master had a half smile on his face. Mike brought out a razor, and I looked again at my Master. Was the guy going to castrate me, or what? Christ, I needed a drink or something!

It was some relief to discover that all Mike was doing was shaving my pubic hair, but then I wondered what I was going to tell my roommate. Here I'm supposed to be a top man, and I go back home with a smooth crotch and somebody else's dog chain around my neck. Talk about humiliation!

"Please, Sir," was all I could muster.

Very quietly he said, "Either you belong or you don't, Baby."

"Belong." What a beautiful word. He was right. I did want to belong to this tall, quiet stranger who came on so strong and yet was still so gentle. I relaxed and lost the hair from navel to balls. Mike was very thorough. I'd never heard of it being done with talcum before, but he seemed to be an old hand at defoliating slaves' crotches.

When I left the next evening I was wearing the dog collar and tag around my neck, another small chain around my right ankle, a cock ring AND ball stretcher, and my keys forever on the right. It took fifteen minutes of explanation to get through the security check at the airport.

I arrived home, full of martinis consumed on the plane, and took a cab to the apartment. I hadn't called my roommate. For some reason, I was avoiding him. Besides, he'd be at work. I went to my room and took off my traveling clothes. Clothing seemed superfluous at that point. I pretended I was back with my Master, fifteen hundred miles away. He had asked me to return and nothing else seemed to matter. I fingered the chain around my neck and knelt down in front of the portable typewriter on my desk. I somehow knew that I shouldn't be sitting on the furniture, even my own.

I poured myself a good stiff drink, although that wasn't the only thing stiff at the moment, and wrote a letter to John.

Master,

*Your Slave misses being at his Master's feet. I believe that that is probably where I am most at home, sitting at your feet while you talk or work or read or whatever. Except for in bed, of course.*

*The strangest thing has happened since I returned. I have virtually no desire to do anything, even jack off, unless I could do it with you. And believe me, that is not my pattern. It may be that horniness will set in, but so far it hasn't. Only loneliness.*

*Well, Sir, I must close. I'm beginning to think how badly I want you, and that is not going to help my problem any. In the mirror, I look nearly the same as I did when I left. In a month the ass will clear up, the hair will be grown back. I wish it wouldn't happen. I remember how I begged you not to shave me and how you knew what was best for me. I love you and need you more than I have the ability to write. I can think of no greater honor than belonging to you, if that is what you want for us.*

*I should never have written that last section. My prick is harder than hell just thinking about your cock. You look so handsome and masterful standing pissing on your Slave, your balls hanging low and your cock heavy with piss. And then you let go and that warm stream hits my chest, my crotch, gets in my mouth, and I try to take all I can. My prick gets so hard watching you and feeling all that; it is torture not being allowed to come. When you finish, sometimes you let me come in the shower and sometimes not. Either way it is exciting as hell. You better have a bucket handy to catch all this cum, Sir. Your Slave is hair-trigger. As you like it, Sir.*

There were a lot of letters during that summer. I went back on vacation and spent two weeks that passed like two

(Continued on page 49)



part V



PHOTO BY ALEXANDER

# five in the trainer's room

by Scott Masters

On Friday, the snowstorm that had been building up implacably during the week broke with all its pent-up fury over the plains of northeastern Indiana. Temperatures dipped to record lows for the end of November, and the wind whipped stinging nuggets of snow and ice against the puny evidences of man below: houses, cars, churches, schools . . . gymnasiums. The snow began ferociously blanketing the land just before dawn, and such was the accumulated rage of its assault that drifts had piled several feet high by eight o'clock that night.

In the trainer's room, the round institutional clock high on the wall registered three minutes after eight when the door was flung open by the first arrival. It was Thaa Demosthenes, wildly eager for revenge against the drubbing he had suffered the night before. Snow glistened in the silky depths of his curly black hair and beaded his long lashes. He threw his windbreaker into the locker and stamped angrily on icy feet around the room. His Chevy had frozen up on him, but he trudged more than a mile through the buffeting of the blizzard rather than miss this fateful evening.

Two minutes later, Manuel and Dicko burst in. Manuel had been invited home by Dicko after the previous evening's activities, and the two had since occupied themselves discovering the various pleasurable gratifications and possibilities of the relationship that had suddenly developed between them. Dicko's folks viewed the

"foreigner" with typical Indiana suspicion, but their attitude was based strictly on ethnic, not ethic, grounds. Nevertheless, Manuel was glad to get away from the repressive atmosphere of that dreary old clapboard house of theirs.

At 8:10, announced by another shriek of wind, Johnny Todd rushed in breathlessly, afraid he may have missed something because of his weather-caused tardiness. Slipping quickly out of his jacket, the all-American jock glowered around and noted that one of the group was missing — the crucial member, the predetermined subject for the evening.

"Hey, what the fuck," he demanded. "Where's the nigger? Turned chickenshit, I bet my balls!"

"Naw," snorted Thaa. "I don't think so. He jus' too fuckin' far away, 'cross the tracks over there in niggertown." Thaa could not bear the thought that his fiendishly planned revenge for that night might be aborted. Throughout the entire day, he had changed his mind at least a hundred times about whether or not to inflict on Moses Brown the punishment that had first occurred to him. He knew there was nothing worse he could do to the big black, but he was not quite sure how the others would react. As of this moment, he had determined to go through with it.

"Yeah, that's all it is," Manuel echoed. Then, eyeing Dicko, he said, "Might as well get started takin' all our shit off." He helped his new-found lover with his jacket, and the two of them began stripping. It had been little less than an hour

since, back in Dicko's tiny bedroom, they had helped each other put on those same clothes.

Another ten minutes ticked by. No Moses Brown.

Manuel and Dicko were completely nude, sitting side by side on the rubbing table, muscular thighs pressed together, arms draped affectionately around each other's shoulders, cocks semi-erect. Johnny Todd, stripped down to his jockey shorts, restlessly paced the confines of the steamy room, its sweat-stale air thick with threat, possessed by a terrible urgency to get on with things. Most impatient of all, nakedly ready, Thaa could not take his eyes off the clock. Outside, the snow-laden wind, rattling narrow opaque windows threaded with octagons of wire, bore neutral witness to the frustrations within.

"Hey, it's half past! That mother-fucker ain't gonna show," Johnny suddenly broke the tense silence. "Let's split!"

"Aw, give him, say, ten more minutes. He ain't got no fuckin' wheels, y' know," Thaa reminded him.

Muttering meaningless obscenities Johnny continued his nervous pacing, distracted by an as yet unspoken need.

Then, with a sudden blast of icy wind, the door banged open and Moses Brown catapulted into the room, slamming the door behind him. He stood there defiantly daring his fellow football players to criticize his late arrival. Snow and ice layered his modified Afro and his ebony skin gleamed deeply. Something between chal



ferge and hatred smoldered behind his dark eyes. There was no hint of the easy-going nature that made him so popular on the high school campus: only the cruelty that was responsible for his being the conference's most terrorizing center permeated the spectacular 6'4" frame.

The diamond-shaped protective cup would not help him this night. Wordlessly, the 18-year-old black Hercules began to strip. Eight eager eyes watched his every graceful move as if they had never seen that magnificent body unclothed before. They watched as the bull-like shoulders were bared, the sharply molded pectorals attesting to untold hours of lifting weights. They watched — and four breaths were caught simultaneously — as the big black hands pushed jeans and jockey shorts down in one swift movement, unveiling the biggest cock on the team, its circumcised head like a purple doorknob, egg-sized balls dropping heavily against massive thighs, buttocks jutting tight and full.

Naked, Moses turned to face his prospective tormentors with legs spread, head held high, hands on hips. A rhythmically pumping diaphragm was the only movement on his statuesque form. The tormentors themselves tried to meet his frozen gaze for a few moments with equal intensity, then self-consciously got to the business of choosing in what order they would proceed with the business of the evening. The now familiar game of rock-paper-scissors decided the question for the final time: Johnny (to his enormous relief) would be first, followed by Manuel, Dicko, and Thaa (who would also keep time on this occasion).

It was the moment Johnny had been waiting for since Wednesday and, on quite another level, ever since that morning.

"O K., guys, help me get that mother-fuckin' spade ready," he ordered, slipping out of his shorts. "I want him the same way he had me, upside-down, ass over teakettle, hangin' by his shit-eaten feet!"

"No go!" Moses immediately protested. "No fucker is s'pose t' do the same torture as some other fucker!"

"Shut yer hole, slave!" Johnny snarled. "Once yer set up, what I'm gonna do t' yuh'll be plenty fuckin' diff'rent! You'll be wishin' that all I was doin' was bangin' on the fuckin' pail!"

He went behind the sullen black and roughly grabbed his wrists, taping them together at the small of the back and running the tape around the 32" waist to lock them in place, brushing his white flesh against the quiescent black skin as intimately and frequently as he could. He then had the others help him lift the inert body, feet first, toward the overhead pipes where he solidly strapped the shaven black ankles, leaving the inverted body hanging with the woolly head just barely grazing the table top.

Moses balefully watched his "Master" step down to the floor, genitals swinging freely. Almost immediately he felt that alien white hand run over his vulnerably widespread thighs and across the balls dangling ponderously atop his cock, then scratching viciously in his pubic hair and sliding back over his buttocks to ram, astonishingly, one stiff finger deeply between them. The hand traced down his chest, pinching at his nipples and, ulti-

mately, that same stiff finger thrust abruptly into his unsuspecting mouth.

Use yer taste o' shit n' gear!"

Johnny doubled up with laughter, adding further to Moses' sense of humiliation at his total bondage. Moses felt the beginnings of pain in his groin from the brutal stretching of his legs, and knew that all eyes were on a level with his over-size sex organs, all minds intent upon what agonies they planned to inflict on him. He silently cursed the fate that ordained he be the final victim (save one) after the others had had the benefit of S&M lessons learned throughout the week.

"Start the timer!" Johnny's voice rang out. "That fuckin' liver-lipped head's my target for tonight!"

Then, as had been done to him two nights ago, he pushed the hanging head into a tin wastebasket he placed on the bench. The next step, however, came as a complete surprise to all.

He filled a pail at the sink and gradually poured the water into the wastebasket. After a few splutters, the water began thrumming hollowly into the tin container. As Moses panicked and tried to pull his head out, shallow splashing sounds were heard. The water continued to rise. Soon, they heard him panting and watched fascinated as he tried to jerk his trunk upwards away from it, cock and balls dancing madly. But with his legs so spread, his stomach muscles couldn't hold the new position for more than a few seconds, and he fell limply back.

When the water level reached the exact area of his nostrils (if he held his head at an awkwardly painful angle), Moses felt the pouring stop. He could not see what was going on, but his stomach contracted involuntarily at the sound of a low, admiring whistle, followed by a concerted intake of breaths. At too soon he knew the reason for the pause. A new liquid was pouring into the pail, aimed deliberately at his upturned nostrils. It was a warmish liquid, slightly acid and salty.

Johnny Todd was pissing into his nose! Moses roared and tried to twist away, but was utterly defenseless. And when he roared, the hot piss went directly into his mouth, trickling down the back of his throat, gagging him.

*Christ! That whitey Todd musta been holdin' it in all day! Am I gonna end up drowned in a honky's piss?*

He was right on one count. Yes, Johnny Todd had been "holdin' it in all day," all the while consuming vast quantities of liquids: milk, Cokes, even several beers.

Cramps crept into Moses' lower abdomen as he fought to keep from completely submerging his head into the piss mixture. His groin felt about to split clear around to his asshole. But worst of all was the inability to fill his lungs with air. After what seemed an eternity, Johnny had finally run out of piss. Now he was agitating the pail, sloshing the liquid around so that Moses could no longer tell where or how or even when to try for another breath. This mental anguish was, perhaps, the worst of all.

"Time!" Thaa was right on the job.

The bucket was hastily taken away and all joined in to help release Moses from his bonds. He collapsed on the table, fighting for his breath. Then he dashed to

the sink and threw up his dinner, rinsing his mouth and throat time and time again with the fresh water, his hands kneading his groin and thighs to ease the cramps. He dared not look at Manuel, who, with Dicko's ever-present help, was making preparations for the next session.

"Rest period over!" Thaa boomed. "C'mere, slave," Manuel growled, "and stick out those big fuckin' thumbs yours!"

Methodically, he wrapped tape around the proffered digits, from the long gloss nails to the thick base, and knotted ends of nylon straps to them. Ordering the giant jock to step up onto the table and "reach for the fuckin' sky," he proceeded to tie the loose ends securely to the overhead pipes. His intent was all too apparent. 210 pounds of superbly muscled naked athlete would soon be depending on two small thumb sockets. Moses expected that the pain would be excruciating, but felt he could take it with only moderate sweat for the short 15-minute period.

But Manuel was not yet finished. He tore three long strips of two-inch wide adhesive tape from a roll and mounted the table close to his victim. The first strip he plastered horizontally onto the enormously broad chest, covering from tit to tit. Next, starting with the right elbow, he applied the second one diagonally downward over the moss-like prickly hairs of the armpit and across the tight curls of chest hair, between the nipples, to the waist on the left. With the third piece of tape he repeated the procedure, starting this time at the left elbow, bisecting the other. The result was a great white X on the shiny black flesh, with an extra stroke cutting across its center. Shouting for the timing to start, he jumped to the concrete floor and kicked the table out from under Moses' bare feet.

A spasm of pain shot through the hanging football player like a jolt of electricity, centered at the base of his thumbs but searing through elbow joints and shoulder blades as well. His head snapped forward and it took all the will power at his command to force it upright again between his lifted shoulders. Still, only one short grunt — more like a noisy exhalation of breath — passed his lips.

"Now the fuckin' fun starts!" Manuel exulted. "Start timin'!"

He reached up to the top of the last piece of adhesive he had pressed to the black body and began painstakingly, painstakingly, to work it away from the unconsciously resisting flesh. Slowly, ever so slowly, he pulled the tape down, adding untold additional pressures to the tender thumbs above. As he reached the armpits, the face of his victim contorted, head bobbing, Adam's apple moving convulsively to stifle the scream that rose from the depths of that tortured body.

Countless hairs, drawn out by their very roots, adhered to the tape as it was freed from the armpit area and pursued its path across the chest, leaving in its wake an actually visible trail through the remaining hairs. The end of that first tape was finally reached, a five-minute journey through hell, and a huge sigh shook the suspended figure. To Moses it seemed that his thumbs were about to be separated permanently from their sockets.



When Manuel reached up to the other arm for the second piece of tape, tears began to flow from the corners of the eyes in that ebony face, from eyes that were tightly shut. The removal of that second tape seemed to take twice as long as the first, and the pressure on his thumbs was at least tripled. He was sobbing, but still managed to contain those sobs in the base of his throat, drawing tight the hard palate. Between his thumbs and forefingers, the webs of flesh felt about to rip apart, and the agony in his shoulder blades inched down his spine. A pool of pain grew to the small of his back.

Although their eyes were riveted to the sadistic scene, Thaa and Johnny, so recently vicious towards each other's bodies, were now gently playing with each other's rampant cocks, in much the same way they had observed Manuel and Dicko doing the night before. So lost were they in the thrall of unknown emotions that they no longer heard the screech of the storm blasting the earth outside.

The world of the trainer's room was complete unto itself, containing desire, etc., satisfaction, hate and love.

Only the horizontal tape remained in place across the sweating chest of the captive. Manuel started at the left side. As the tape was peeled away centimeter by centimeter from the ultra-sensitive area of the left tit, the first real wail of the evening reverberated through the room. But Manuel kept remorselessly to his task, ripping across the centered hairy mat, eliciting an eruption of blood-curdling non-human sounds from the victim, and relentlessly onward to the right tit. Moses' flagging energies focused into one last eardrum-piercing scream.

As it echoed into oblivion, "Time!" was called.

Thaa and Johnny drew regretfully apart. As Moses' agony had risen to its climax, their manipulations had increased in intensity, and each was near orgasm. They forced themselves to help release Moses from his restraints, but remained very close during the "half-time" 15-minute break. Although their eyes were on the gradually recovering Moses, their minds (and hearts?) were concentrated on other matters.

Manuel was pleased with his performance, hoping he might now be the front runner in the voting for the "S" on the next night's challenge session. He whispered provocatively to Dicko, whose turn was next, and who was doing mysterious things with tapes and cords and weights in readiness for his final go of the week. And stretched out on a bench, the recuperating Moses Brown felt more excluded than ever before the generations of forebears had accustomed him.

Thaa and Johnny.

Manuel and Dicko.

Moses and — ? The story of his life.

But it was the ominously evil glint in Thaa's eyes that really gave him pause.

The fifteen minutes were up, and Dicko was more than ready. As overseer, he directed that the hunkiest of black studs spread-eagle himself, on his back, over the table. A great smile of relief passed over the face of Thaa Demosithenos.

to be continued . . .

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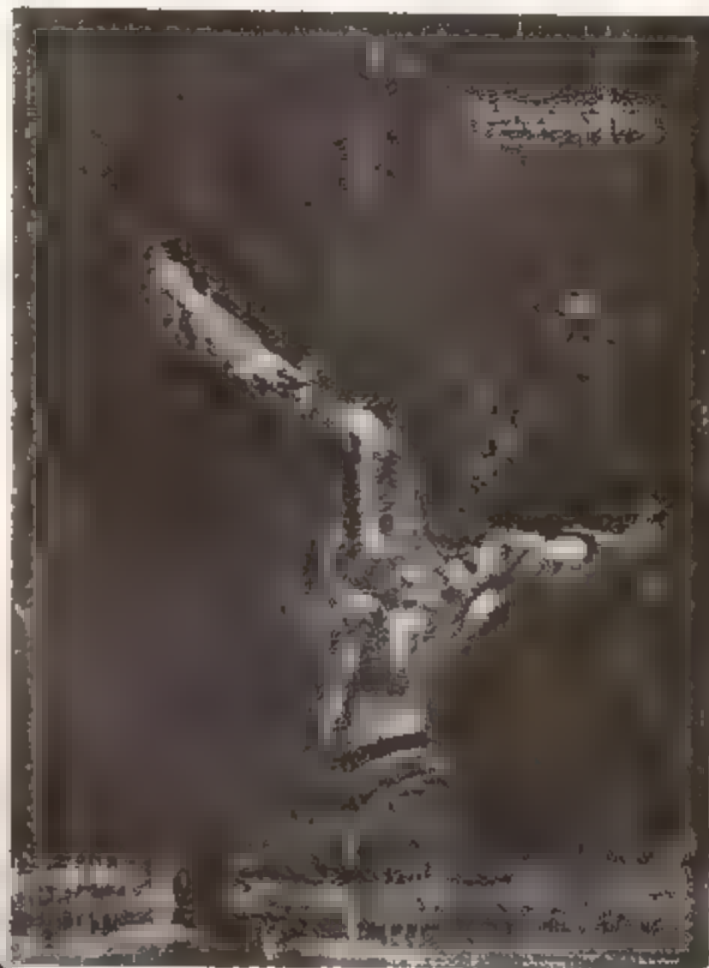




# those MACHO mags

THINK YOU ARE UNIQUE IN BEING INTO S&M? THEN PICK UP A COPY OF TRUE, ARGOSY, TRUE ACTION, STAG, MAN'S LIFE, MALE OR WHATEVER YOU USED TO READ IN THE BARBER SHOP. THESE WERE PROBABLY YOUR FIRST TURN-ON!

*An interesting similarity in the tastes of both hetero and gay males has been successfully expressed for years by the macho magazines that featured the adventures of their bare-chested heroes. The classic situation of their stories centered around some hunky stud rescuing his buddies from the violence, torture or captivity of a multitude of villains (in many cases, a female). There was always a proliferation of whips, chains and leather—real crowd pleasers to appeal to the multitudes who have bought the periodicals by the millions, and found them a definite turn-on.*



*Preferring the work of an illustrator to the use of actual photographs, even while claiming the stories were true, the artwork featured handsome, athletic males and used the obligatory woman as either an accessory, a toy or a symbol. It is that same vein of macho that made Paul Newman and Robert Redford such a hot cinematic team.*

*Our heroes were usually prisoners of somebody; often the Nazis, the natives or blonde Amazons. It was before the day of complete nudity in periodicals, but the message was clear, ballsy and well-illustrated. Here are a few examples.*







# A FEW THOUSAND WORDS ABOUT THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

THE LEATHER GAME IS BEST PLAYED WITH THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO PLAY IT. IF LEATHER IS YOUR LIFESTYLE, OR YOU WOULD LIKE FOR IT TO BE . . . MAY WE SUGGEST SOMEONE TO DO IT WITH?

Of the world's population, let's assume that half is male.

And, of that half, about a fifth prefer other males. Of this still considerable group, there are those who prefer one type of male to another. One such specialized division consists of those who prefer a Leather lifestyle. If you don't know what that means, then you probably are not part of that group.

This really starts narrowing it down. Where does one meet, not only the guys you like, but those who like what you like. There are bars and baths and organizations and restrooms if you want to try the hit-or-miss method. There are friends of friends for the blind-date approach.

**THERE IS THE LEATHER FRATERNITY IF YOU WISH TO BE A LITTLE MORE EXACT ABOUT IT.**

You have a Godgiven right to the kind of relationship you prefer, providing you prefer it in private. No government, no regulatory agency can, in our opinion, tell you what and when and how. You have a right to meet guys with similar tastes who are as anxious to meet you as you are to meet them. You have much in common. Why spend your lifetime never getting together?

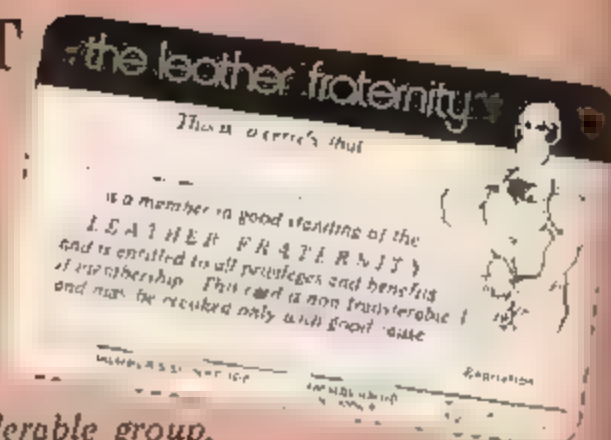
We have made a lot of friends among Leather people from coast to coast, and even beyond. There are some very fine, hunky, groovy guys who are unsatisfied with the average relationship. They are looking for someone who is also looking for someone who is not run-of-the-mill.

**MAY WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN THE LEATHER FRATERNITY?**

We have made it as secure, as foolproof as we know how. Your correspondence is private. Under no circumstances will any contacts be given out for anyone. If you are accepted you will join a big, select group of imaginative and virile guys who like what you like and who will like you and your participation. Life is more than a one-way street. Let us introduce you to someone who is going your way.

**THERE ARE OTHER ADVANTAGES TO BELONGING.**

Your membership includes a subscription to DRUMMER magazine. Newsletters, brochures are mailed to you direct, not by passing your name or address around. You get a 10% discount on anything you order from THE LEATHER EMPORIUM just by including your Fraternity membership number.



**The Leather Fraternity**

POST OFFICE BOX 8444  
LA CRESCENTA, CALIFORNIA 91214



Enclosed is a buck. Send me information and the application for the Fraternity. I am over 21 years of age.

I'm sold. Enroll me in the Fraternity Enclosed is my \$25. Get my application, information, membership pin and DRUMMER subscription to me and make it snappy..

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



# The LEATHER FRATERNITY

BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER

All inquiries concerning THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, or letters for forwarding to FRATERNITY members, should be addressed to: THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, P.O. Box 8444, La Crescenta, CA 92324. Members of the FRATERNITY may contact other members whose listings appear above by putting their response into a STAMPED, SEALED envelope. In PENCIL, write the member's box number on the front and send it to the FRATERNITY. Your letters will be forwarded the same day.

As a continuing service to Fraternity members, new members will be denoted \*\*\* That is, members whose listings did not appear in the last issue and whose listings appear for the first time in this issue will be so designated.

Please remember that you must be a member of The Leather Fraternity in order to answer ads or to run a free ad yourself. Now, good hunting!

## ALABAMA

**ANNISTON.** M. Gemini. 42. 5'9". 185. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Heavy bondage. No drugs. Box 358

## ARIZONA

**PHOENIX.** S. Virgo. 52. 6'2". 180. White. 7". Experienced. Wants slave houseboy. Box 074Z

**PHOENIX.** M. Virgo. 33. 6'. 155. White. Novice. Wants control and training from manly, respectful Master to 45. No heavy pain, fols, fems. Cut preferred. Box 231.

**PHOENIX.** S. Libra. 38. 6'. 175. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Good body and long endowment. Important. No olds, fems. Box 250.

**TUCSON.** SM. Cancer. 5'10". 165. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks truly masculine partner to 40. No squares. Box 017X

**TUCSON.** S. Virgo. 50. 5'10". 140. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Seeks docile partner under 40 into mild B&D. No heavy smokers or drinkers, drags, dopers, fols. Box 182D.

## ARKANSAS

**FORT SMITH.** S. Leo. 28. 5'9 1/4". 130. White. 8". Knowledgeable, sensible, selfish, arrogant. S. wants true M, experienced and sensuous. Must be small and cut. No fems, role-switchers, parasites. permanent relationships. Box 135.

**ANAHEIM.** M. Pisces. 23. 5'9". 150. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Obedient to master who earns it. Long hair preferred. Box 052G

**BURBANK.** M. Leo. 36. 6'. 165. White. 6 1/4". Novice. Willing and able to please sexy partner under 45. No serious pain or disfigurement, hard drugs, blacks. Box 050L.

**CARLSBAD.** M. Leo. 43. 5'9 1/2". 175. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks person 35 to 50 who sex-pertained, enthusiastic, discreet and respects limits. Box 225

**CARMEL.** M. Sagittarius. 43. 6'. 180. White. 8". Novice. Has deep desire to please dominant, respectful Master. Must be clean. Box 016

\*\*\***CARMEL.** SM. Virgo. 21. 5'11". 145. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Sexy dude wants to learn light S&M from well-endowed partner to 38. No blacks, Orientals, redheads. Box 241V.

**CHICO.** M. Cancer. 30. 6'. 185. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Needs humiliation, W/S, scat from understanding leather Master. Blacks preferred. No fols. Box 081E.

**CLAREMONT.** SM. Virgo. 39. 5'10 1/2". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, honest, experienced partner. No fols, TVs, hustlers. Box 500

**CORONA.** M. Virgo. 41. 6'. 190. White. 6". Novice. Wants to serve good looking dude under 33. Well-proportioned body essential. Box 169A.

**COSTA MESA.** MS. Virgo. 35. 6'5". 180. White. 5 1/4". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn from experienced Master under 30. Box 083

**DALY CITY.** S. Pisces. 42. 5'8". 135. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Demands good service from sincere leather lover. Would like to correspond with other Masters. Box 314A

**FRESNO.** M. Cancer. 42. 5'9". 175. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Eager and willing to please firm but compassionate Master. Deep Throat. No ardlers, selfish people. Box 05 D

**GARDEN GROVE.** MS. Virgo. 44. 5'7". 150. White. 6". Novice. Obedient Slave seeks knowledgeable partner. No drugs or permanent relationships. Box 051G

**GLENDALE.** M. Libra. 48. 5'10". 155. White. 6 1/4". Novice. Wants to serve gentle but demanding master into heavy bondage. Box 050D

**GLENDALE.** S. Leo. 39. 5'11". 180. White. 9". Old hand. Blond German wants slim M under 30 who does not say no to bondage, discipline, etc. Possible permanent relationship. Box 168.

**HAWAIIAN GARDENS.** M. Pisces. 37. 5'10". 165. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Complete Bondage Slave for complete Bondage Master. Box 051H

**HOLLYWOOD.** S. Libra. 42. 6'1". 185. White. 7". Experienced to turn you on. Seeks husky, youngish slave to train completely. No heavy pain, a little love. No fols. Be humble. Box 071X.

**HOLLYWOOD.** S. Cancer. 32. 5'11". 170. White. 9". Old hand. S&M film superstar wants to dominate ultra masculine partner 30 to 50. No fols, fols. Box 185P

\*\*\***HOLLYWOOD.** M. Pisces. 40. 5'6". 130. White. 5 1/2". Novice. Will give his all to Master who respects limits. No scat, shaving. Box 227

**HOLLYWOOD.** MS. Taurus. 40. 5'9". 155. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder, muscular. Wants same. Box 311

**HUNTINGTON BEACH.** S. Cancer. 34. 5'6". 130. White. 7 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Seeks similar M under 33 for mutual fulfillment of fantasies. No fols, fols. Box 294S

**HUNTINGTON PARK.** M. Pisces. 35. 6'. 170. White. 6 1/2". Novice. No fols. Box 310.

**INDIO.** SM. Leo. 44. 5'10". 155. White. 6 1/4". Completely inexperienced. Will understand your needs. Box 243.

\*\*\***IRVINE.** SM. Cancer. 34. 6'3". 160. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Dominates with warmth, respect, affection, seeks same. Likes return affairs with white partner to 40. No blood, bruises, severe pain. Box 186P

**LA PUENTE.** M. Gemini. 38. 5'9". 168. White. 7 1/2". Novice. Prefers under 45. Box 320.

**LA JOLLA.** MS. Virgo. 34. 5'11". 155. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Heavily into bondage, not orally oriented. No fols, blacks. Box 071L

**LAKEWOOD.** SM. Libra. 61. 5'8". 130. White. 5". Old hand. Seeks affectionate, discreet boot-lover over 30. No drinkers, heavy smokers, dopers. Box 080T

**LONG BEACH.** M. Virgo. 24. 5'10". 130. White. 7". Novice. Domestic and submissive, will dedicate himself permanently to active, masculine partner over 30. Box 151

**LOS ANGELES.** S. Aries. 38. 5'6". 135. White. 6". Old hand. Seeks masculine, submissive M under 40. No scat, fols, mutilation. Box 018.

**LOS ANGELES.** MS. Aries. 42. 6'7". 180. White. 6 1/2". Novice with strong desire to learn. Prefers masculine bodybuilder type with large cock. Box 050S.

**LOS ANGELES.** S. 33. 5'8". 140. White. 6 1/2". Old hand. Seeks experienced M under 31 with groovy body, tight ass. Box 060W

**LOS ANGELES.** MS. Capricorn. 40. 5'9 1/2". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced M also interested in working as associate S. Good body a must. Box 175.



**LOS ANGELES.** SM Pisces. 49. 5'10" 150. White 6". Novice. No booze, drugs. Looks not important, but must be over 38. Box 167

**LOS ANGELES.** SM Taurus. 29. 6'7". 195. White 6 1/2". Sensual, imaginative novice seeks muscular partner to 37 with warmth and sense of humor. Box 180H.

**LOS ANGELES.** M. Virgo. 49. 5'10" 145. White 6". Knowledgeable. Imaginative and obedient. Box 187.

**LOS ANGELES.** S. Libra. 37. 6'4" 200. White 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will respect limits of husky, masculine slave with hairy chest. No fems, scat, heavy scenes. Must be discreet. Box 205M.

**LOS ANGELES.** SM. Scorpio. 43. 6' 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will understand and respect limits of knowledgeable, compatible partner. No fats, blacks. Box 208.

**LOS ANGELES.** SM Leo. 30. 6' 155. White 7". Completely inexperienced but wants strong, gentle S to teach him to be a good S. No baldies, fats, olds. Box 307A.

**LOS ANGELES.** M. Libra. 42. 5'6 1/2". 135. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Follows orders well. No fats. Box 242.

**LOS ANGELES.** M. Capricorn. 53. 5'11 1/2". 230. White. Knowledgeable. Will adore and worship a noble beast of a Master up to 40 heavy into humiliation. No slobs. Box 347.

**MALIBU.** SM. Leo. 37. 5'9" 139. White 6 1/2". Novice. Leather-wearing egoist wants to learn more about the scene from knowledgeable partner able to control his ego and temper. No one-night stands. Sharing a must. Box 1850.

**MANHATTAN BEACH.** M. Capricorn. 42. 5'7". 138. White 6". Knowledgeable. Small, slim with firm ass wants verbal humiliation and training from stern Master. Box 048A.

**MARINA DEL REY.** MS. Virgo. 38. 5'11" 168. White. Novice. Wants permanent partner for boxing, judo, wrestling. No fats, blacks, hard drugs, dirt. Box 125P.

**MAYWOOD.** S. Aries. 52. 5'9" 145. White 5". Old hand. Has had laryngectomy. Prefers hairless chest. No drunks or fats. Box 350.

**MILL VALLEY.** M. Capricorn. 35. 5'11" 150. White 8". Novice M. Knowledgeable S. Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker to 32 heavy into W/S. Must be cut. No fats, blacks, olds. Box 8231.

**NORTH HOLLYWOOD.** MS. Aquarius. 45. 6'1" 160. Completely inexperienced. Wants young guy. Box 055.

**NORTH HOLLYWOOD.** S. Virgo. 38. 6' 155. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will respect limits of partner to 35. Mexican, Asian preferred. No fats, phonies, redheads. over 6'. Box 188.

**OAKLAND.** S. Sagittarius. 50. 5'10 1/2". 155. White 6". Novice. Must be well built and obedient. No scat. Box 345.

**OAKLAND.** M. Pisces. 52. 6'2". 200. White 6". Novice. Wants understanding teacher to help his B&D fantasies come true. Into art and classical music. No fems, dopers, hippies. Box 425.

**OXNARD.** M. Aries. 42. 5'10" 190. White. Novice. Bondage. No drugs. Box 340.

**PALM DESERT.** SM. Taurus. 41. 6' 155. White 6". Completely inexperienced. Will satisfy your needs. No fats. Box 246.

**PASADENA.** MS. Aries. 46. 5'11 1/2". 175. White 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs instruction. Digs rear end act on. Box 061A.

**PASADENA.** M. Scorpio. 43. 6' 186. White. 7". Novice. Prefers bike riders. No fems, fats, olds. Box 150.

**PASADENA.** M. Sagittarius. 47. 5'10" 150. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn painless bondage from respectful S. No W/S, scat, drugs, fems. Box 276.

**DRUMMER 28**

**SACRAMENTO.** MS. Cancer. 39. 6'1". 225. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

**SAN DIEGO.** SM. Virgo. 28. 5'7 1/2". 155. White 7". Knowledgeable. Muscular, masculine biker seeks same to 50. Leather is his lifestyle not a sexual diversion! No fats, drunks, heavy drugs. Box 028.

**SAN DIEGO.** M. Leo. 38. 6'3" 190. White 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Enjoys bondage. Being used. Partner should be near area and respect limits. Box 050K.

**SAN DIEGO/EL CAJON.** S. Cancer. 5'6" 140. White. 6 1/2". Butch-type leather master needs naked slave for fun and pleasure. Must be cut. Box 125.

**SAN DIEGO.** S. Gemini. 43. 5'6" 160. White 7". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder seeks butch, sincere partner in good physical condition who knows how to serve. No fats, drugs, dirty types. Box 182V.

**SAN FERNANDO.** M. Cancer. 37. 5'11" 185. White 6". Completely inexperienced. Chains, tattoos, grease. Box 201.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Cancer. 38. 5'8" 130. Black. 5 1/2". Novice. Former M wishes to work out S fantasies with inexperienced partner born on the 21st of any month. Body hair a must. No fems, fats, blonds. Box 032.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Gemini. 34. 5'10" 140. White 6". Knowledgeable. Seeks S who is mentally and physically superior, not fat or over 39. Box 152.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** MS. Leo. 35. 6'1" 153. White. Novice. Scene is secondary to overall turn on. No fems, fats, heavy drugs. Box 075.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Libra. 50. 6'2 1/2". 185. White 8". Knowledgeable. Must be clean and respect limits. Box 126A.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Leo. 34. 5'8". 150. White 6". Knowledgeable, sincere, considerate, patient stud seeks sincere, submissive M under 40. No fems, fats, drugs. Box 145.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** SM. Gemini. 31. 6'. 185. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Heavy into oral strapping, whipping act-on. Will switch roles for right person. No permanent relationships. Box 157.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** MS. Libra. 33. 6' 170. White 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Taurus. 36. 5'10" 165. White 6". Knowledgeable. Clean cut collegiate type preferred. Absolutely no role switching. Box 185.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Cancer. 31. 5'11 1/2". 175. White 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Must be masculine and into total bondage and humiliation. Box 187.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Aries. 55. 6'. 182. White 6 1/2". Old hand. Thirty year S&M veteran seeks partner to 50 able to take moderate to severe whipping, some W/S. No role switching, fats, scat, FF, drugs. Box 187P.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Leo. 36. 5'8" 130. White 8". Knowledgeable. Will totally control intelligent, masculine partner to 40 into all areas of sex. No fems, fats, drunks. Cut preferred. Box 229M.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** SM. Pisces. 38. 5'10" 200. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must be willing to take anything and/or do anything short of permanent damage. Box 294M.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Leo. 37. 6' 150. White 6". Novice. Masculine. Prefers educated, beely, tall dominant man into uniforms, law enforcement. Seeks submission but not abuse, mutual respect and affection, complimentary mate. Tattoos, mirrors, hairy, plus factors. Box 294Y.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Aries. 40. 5'6 1/2". 135. White 6 1/4". Knowledgeable. Seeks trusting, trustworthy S. No fems, fats, blacks, hippies. Box 295.

**SAN MATEO.** MS. Libra. 33. 6' 170. White 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

**SAN MATEO.** M. Aries. 38. 6' 185. White 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Turned on by bondage and whipping. Wants S to lead him from knowledgeable to expert. Eager to try new toys and positions. Box 083M.

**SANTA BARBARA.** SM. Leo. 30. 5'10" 155. White 6". Willing to learn and expand experience with partners who have their own places, toys. Box 242L.

**SANTA MONICA.** S. Capricorn. 30. 6'1" 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Into suspension, bondage and piercing. Also wants to meet other SS toward establishing a complete castle. Box 133T.

**SANTA MONICA.** S. Pisces. 48. 6'3" 175. White 7". Shaves body. No fems, fats or quick fucks. Box 185M.

**SHERMAN OAKS.** SM. Libra. 35. 5'6". 130. White 7". Novice. Seeks knowledgeable, understanding partner under 50 who respects limits. No fats. Box 181T.

**STANFORD.** MS. Virgo. 44. 5'7" 135. White 7". Knowledgeable. Uninhibited, obedient, prefers locals under 40 but older S if skilled. Into anal action. No fems, fats, boozers. Box 208.

**TUSTIN.** M. Libra. 35. 5'7" 130. White. 7". Novice. Will give the right Master what he wants and needs. Must be under 46 and cut. No fats, hardcore. Box 216.

**WOODSIDE.** SM. Aries. 33. 6' 168. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants good leather sex on the Peninsula. No fats, balds, scat, over. Will switch roles with right person. Box 89.

#### **OUT OF STATE**

**AURORA.** M. Aquarius. 23. 5'8" 150. White 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Sincere leather lover digs police scene. Wants to get into prolonged total bondage, dog and toilet training. Willing to experiment and correspond. Box 110.

**AURORA.** MS. Gemini. 22. 5'11" 145. White 6". Completely inexperienced. Has sincere desire to learn both roles from knowledgeable partner up to 35. No drugs, freaks, redheads. Box 1680.

**DENVER.** M. Libra. 30. 5'9 1/2". 195. White 7". Novice. Seeks totally dominant Master to please and serve. Prefers non smoker, light drinker, no drugs. Box 254.

**HENDERSON.** S. Aries. 32. 6'2" 190. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Dominant demanding dude seeks partner to 48 who does what he's told. No one dirty or non masculine. Box 304L.

#### **CONNECTIONS**

**GREENWICH.** S. Cancer. 46. 5'11" 160. White 6". Knowledgeable. Has fine leather toys. Seeks butch, sincere partner who knows how to serve. No fats, fems, phonies. Box 061F.

**MILFORD.** S. Capricorn. 44. 5'10 1/2". 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Educated, experienced former police officer and champion motorcyclist seeks devoted, masculine M willing to be completely owned. Should be intelligent. No drugs, drunks, fems, fats, cheats. Box 309.

**MYSTIC.** S. Aries. 50s. 5'10" 175. White 8". Old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner up to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fems. Box 329.

**OLD SAYBROOK.** M. Capricorn. 36. 6'4" 200. White 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will obey experienced Master with big cock and good body. Box 165L.

#### **DELAWARE**

**DOVER.** M. Capricorn. 27. 6'. 160. White. 6 1/4". Novice. Seeking very dominant and butch male into heavy leather. B&E score a plus. No fems, fats, weaklings. Box 051F.







## MINNESOTA

**MINNEAPOLIS** M. Pisces 38 5'8" 178 White 6'11" Novice Enjoys go down showers from lean muscular men Box 180L

**ST. PAUL** S. Cancer 49 5'11" 180 White 5'11" Novice Seeks cat partner with little or no body hair large balls or only one ball, good ass Box 373

## MISSOURI

**COLUMBIA** SM Gemini 25 5'11" 165 White 5'11" Novice Leather bondage enthusiast seeks single appearing partner who is discreet will switch roles Bikers uniforms a plus Wants contact in Michigan Indiana Illinois Missouri No feds, beards, blarats Box 051M

**KANSAS CITY** M. Scorpio 50 5'8" 125 White 6'11" Knowledgeable Needs heavy discipline by black or white S Box 296M

**ST. LOUIS** S. Leo 30 5'11" 215 White 6'11" Novice Needs clean, discreet, honest partner who will teach him to please partner's needs Box 215

## MONTANA

**SWEETGRASS** MS Aquarius 50 6'1" 180 White 6'11" Old hand Collection of used cowboy leather gear No feds Box 230

## NEBRASKA

**WAYNE** M. Pisces 34 6'1" 165 White 6'11" Novice Seeks not too experienced cowboy type into bondage Box 306

## NEVADA

**LAS VEGAS** MS Taurus 32 5'11" 170 White 5'11" Novice Prefers muscular No feds and hair Box 270

## NEW JERSEY

**ATLANTIC CITY** SM Libra 30 5'9" 170 6'11" Levelheaded friendly O. Simpson type bondage games enthusiast Knowledgeable Prefers athletic, hunky types No feds fats Box 060R

**CHERRY HILL** S. Scorpio 31 5'8" 150 White Knowledgeable Bondage No feds, fats sk pms Box 290

**LINCOLN PARK** M. Capricorn 52 5'9 1/2" 159 White 5'11" Completely inexperienced Wants heavy nipple action W S from bury S up to 30 Group scenes a real turn on No feds slanders and S Box 35M

**MORRISTOWN** S. Scorpio 36 6'2" 180 White 6'11" Novice Dominant dude seeks sex supporting, true slave who will obey all orders at all times Under 32 Box 291

**NEWARK** MS Libra 54 5'11" 155 White 6'11" Completely experienced Seeks training from younger person Box 294W

## NEW MEXICO

**ALBUQUERQUE** M. Leo 43 5'9" 165 White 5'11" Completely inexperienced Will serve your big feet in either harness boots or tennis shoes Box 165R

**ALBUQUERQUE** M. Taurus 23 5'8" 150 White 7'11" Novice Will obey relaxed, secure Master in all ways Must have large endowment interest in outdoors preferred No turkeys Box 275

## NEW YORK

**ALBANY** MS. Cancer 24 5'11 1/2" 165 White 6'11" Novice No feds, feds, feds Box 240

**ALBANY** S. Gemini Taurus 40 6'2" 225 White 7'11" Knowledgeable Wants straight appearing who is a good scene Box 217

**AMHERST** M. Virgo 29 6'1" 200 White 6'11" Knowledgeable Wants hairy full rather respectably loves bed domination without pain Box 210

**BRONX** M. Libra 54 5'11" 150 White 5'11" Knowledgeable Has need and capacity to serve Dutch Master into uniforms boots breeches etc Prefers over 40 5'10" No feds heavy pain for true tips FF Box 017

**BRONX** M. Scorpio 42 5'10" 158 White 7'11" Knowledgeable Wants to be owned as a toilet slave And house man servant Two or more Masters preferred Box 255

**BROOKLYN** S. Leo 44 6'1" 125 White 8'11" Knowledgeable Police domination and discipline and bondage with leather gear Will build your tolerance 1 Slave limits respected Box 127

**BROOKLYN** S. Aquarius 25 6'3" 190 White 6'11" Novice Dominant dude seeks partner under 30 who is a wrestling occasional role switch via No feds fats blacks Box 25F

**CLAYTON** SM Aries 28 5'7 1/2" 160 White 5'11" Completely inexperienced Eager to learn from attractive, open minded, discreet dude No feds, fats, scal Box 292

**FLUSHING** SM Taurus 43 5'8" 180 White 6'11" Knowledgeable Biker into Leather/Levi Masculine scene seeks intelligent, Dutch partner with switch roles for right person No feds, blacks Box 054H

**GLENS FALLS** S. Pisces 46 5'8" 150 White 6'11" Knowledgeable Will train willing Slave under 30 who is respected Prefers jock type athletic Slave Box 260

**MT VERNON** SM. Leo 44 6'1" 175 White 8'11" Novice Digs biker cops cowboys wearing partner's clothing Must be clean, masculine No feds, fats Box 184D

**NEW YORK** M. Cancer 38 6'2" White 6'11" Intermediate Weightlifter with 46 chest 14" waist wants to expand experiences with clean, masculine S over 5'5" Box 023

**NEW YORK** S. Gemini 45 6'4" 190 White 8'11" Knowledgeable Will dominate, control, train discreet, employed slave who lives alone No feds, fats Bodybuilder preferred, under 50 Box 280

**NEW YORK** S. Capricorn 40 5'10" 150 White 8'11" Knowledgeable Will humiliate and dominate partner with fetish for uniforms, breeches, boots, Fetics and complete slavery a must ~~Box 017~~

**NEW YORK** S. Libra 42 6'1" 175 White 7'11" Knowledgeable Seeks intelligent partner Not a "sex only" type Box 071E

**NEW YORK** M. Sagittarius 37 6'3" 165 White 7'11" Knowledgeable Marine M wants FF from bearded and/or muscled S to 45 No feds, feds Box 071T

**NEW YORK** S. Pisces 32 5'8" 145 White 6'11" Novice Must be worshipped completely by dominant M to 50 Will respect limits Hairy and No feds Oriental S Box 086F

**NEW YORK** MS Gemini 30 5'11" 160 White 8'11" Prefers bearded or mustached biker No feds or egotists Box 133

**NEW YORK** S. Taurus 44 6'1" 170 White 7'11" Novice Seeks dark, hairy slave with large dick Must be knowledgeable clean Box 153P

**NEW YORK** SM. Virgo 28 6'1" 180 White 7'11" Knowledgeable Sober dude gets off on mutual enjoyment with over sexed, level headed partner under 55 No feds, youths Box 168K

**NEW YORK** M. Aries 42 5'11" 170 White 5'11" Knowledgeable No long hair No feds Box 180

**NEW YORK** M. Libra 48 5'6" 180 White 6'11" Novice Will submit totally to patient respectful persistent Master into heavy S&M C&B work into forms whips No scal backs, true brutality Box 184G

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Leather Man**  
by Robert Stewart

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Illustrations by Tom Clave

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# A VISIT TO THE GARAGE

or "THE HARDY BOYS WIN THEIR STRIPES!" Story by CLAY HOLWELL  
Photography by DENNIS LIND / Starring KEN, MITCH & RANDY

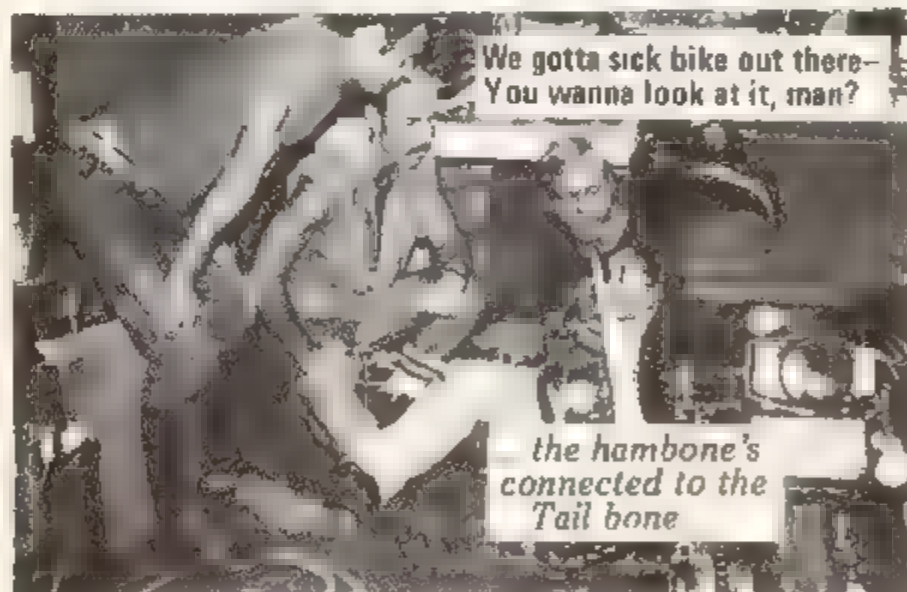
*We are not suggesting that you drop into your favorite cycle shop to check your lubrication with the hunky mechanic there. These guys really didn't expect to get anything more than their rear end worked on and perhaps a little clutch work. So whatever happened was beyond anyone's control. But what else could we do but take a few snaps to show you how it happened. Other than for that, we take no responsibility. Should you go into a garage and find the mechanic in the position that Mitch and Randy left him, we know you won't take advantage. Or would you?*

Garage courtesy of TOURING GEAR UNLIMITED



HEY!  
ANYBODY  
HERE?

...The neck bone's  
connected to the  
hambone...



We gotta sick bike out there—  
You wanna look at it, man?

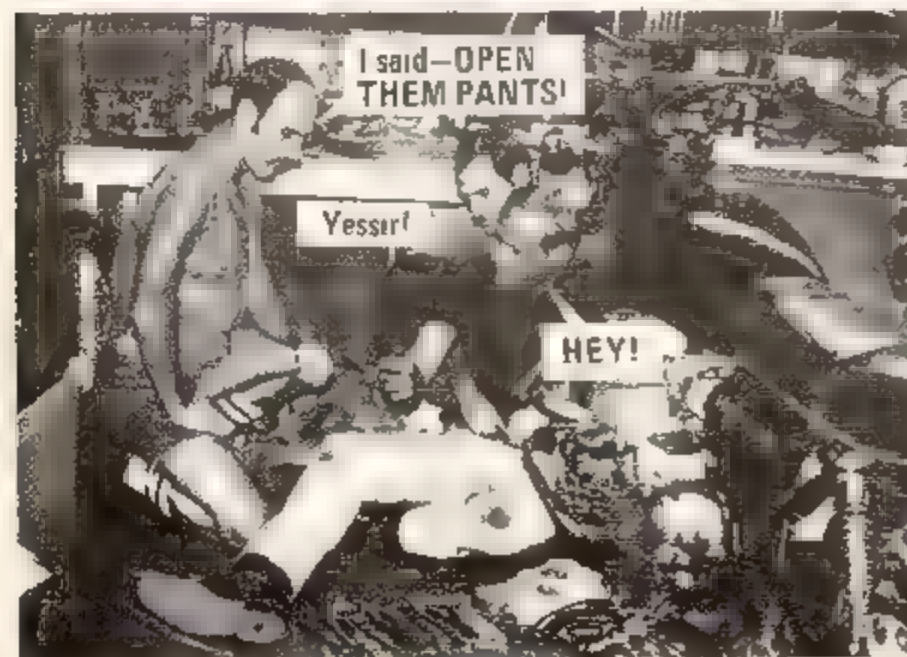
the hambone's  
connected to the  
Tail bone



Open his belt—Let's have  
a look at that tool there!

Yessir!

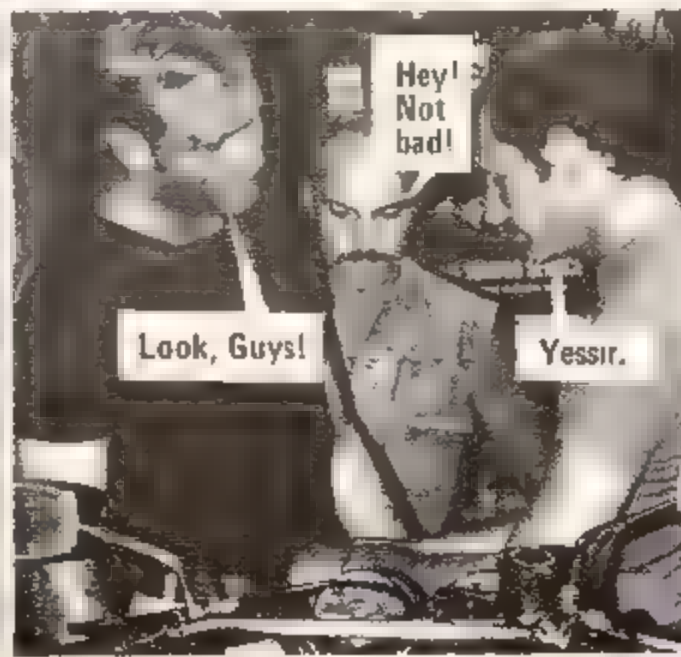
...the Tailbone's  
connected to the...



I said—OPEN  
THEM PANTS!

Yessir!

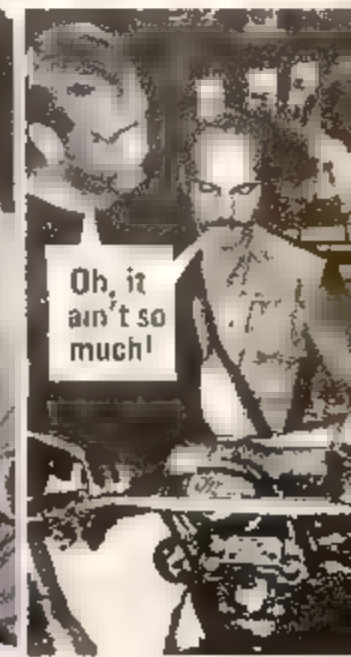
HEY!



Hey!  
Not  
bad!

Look, Guys!

Yessir.



Oh, it  
ain't so  
much!



Golly, fellows. I don't think  
we should be doing this . . .

SHUT UP!

Yessir!

Gee, this is  
kinda fun!

Try some of  
that Bardall  
on the kid—

Lube his  
rear-end—

*the TailBone's  
connected to the*

MANLOOKATTHATASS!

This is  
really  
fun!

How's the Bardall  
holding out?

Great stuff!

Gawwphf!

YEAH! MAN!

I like the  
end that  
eats—

Man! nothing  
like a Honda!

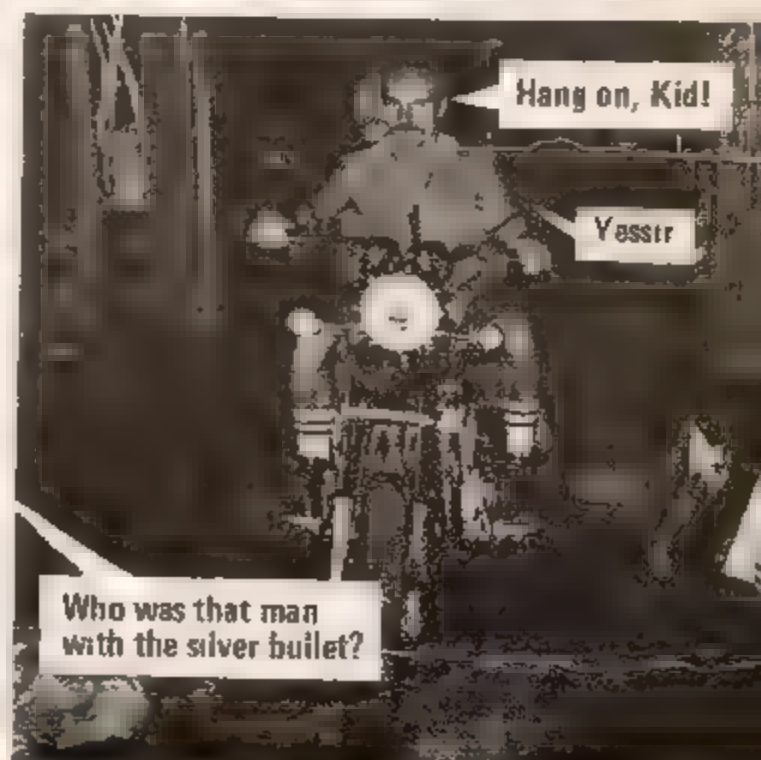
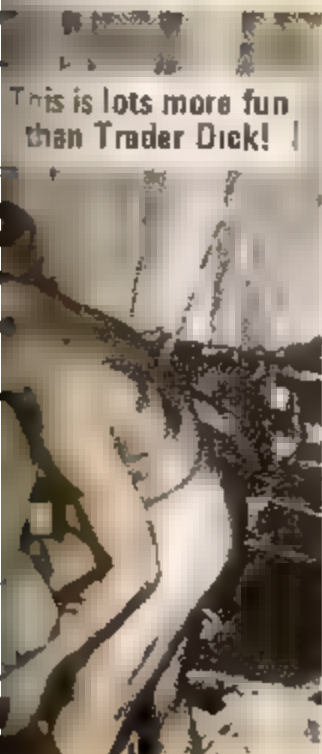
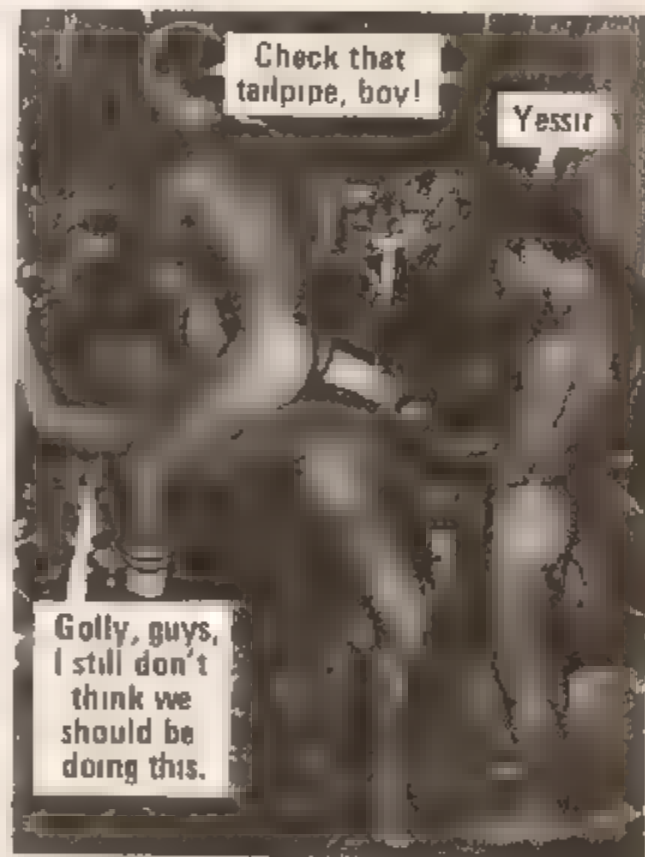
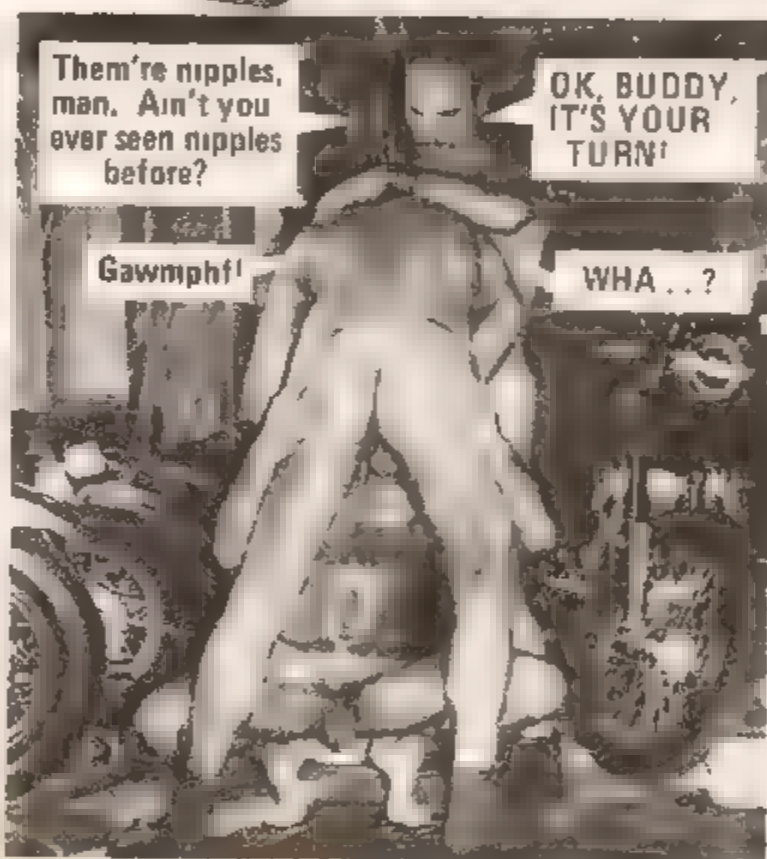
I gotta get to  
work, fellahs!

I gotta go to  
the bathroom.

Keen!

Choreography by ROBERT PAYNE







# DRUM BEATS

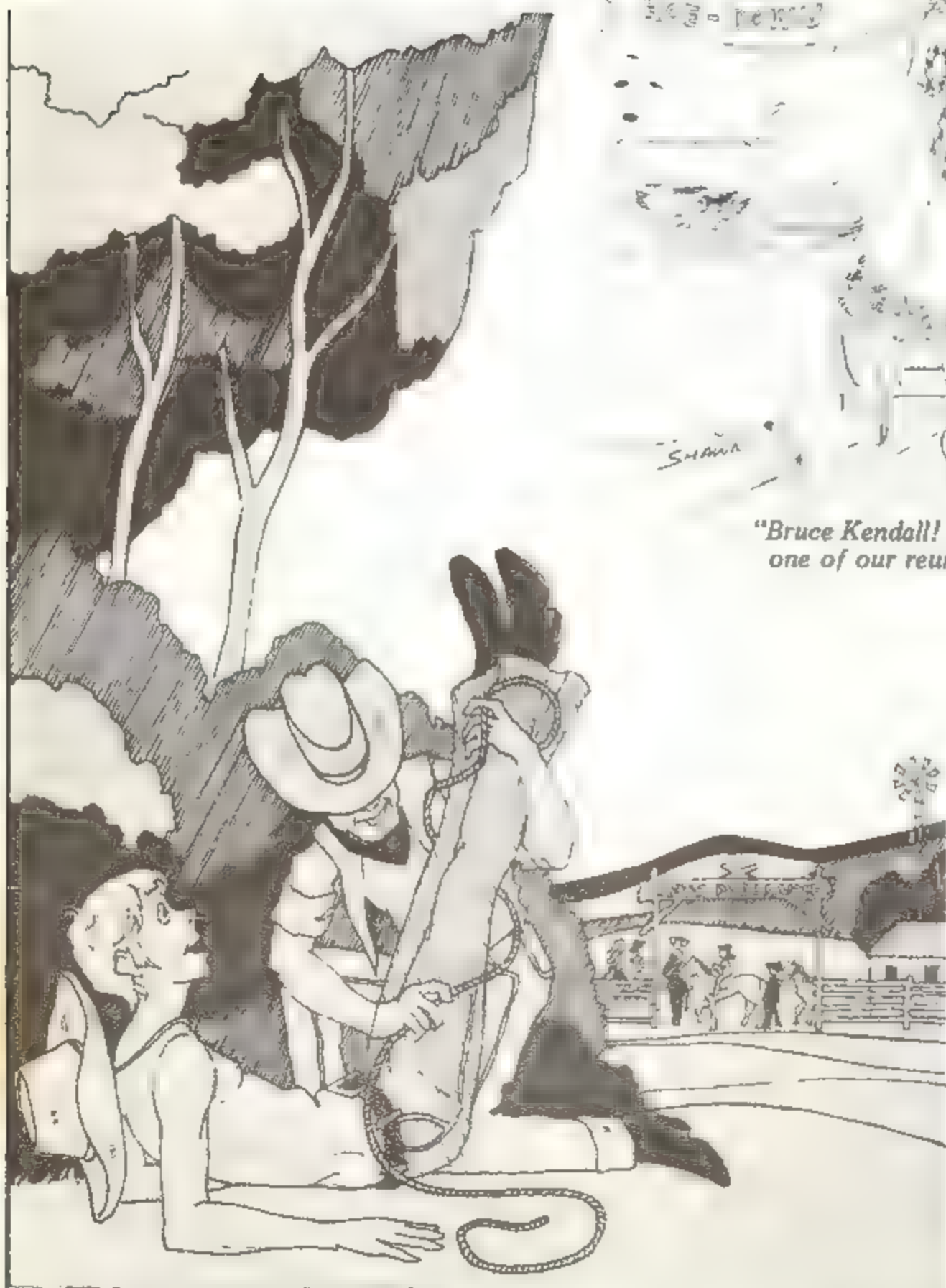


FUTURE FARMERS  
GROUP OF 1955  
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College

Administration  
Building

Shanna

"Bruce Kendall! I knew we'd get you to  
one of our reunions sooner or later!"



"And when you've got them roped - then what do you do?"









where your action begins

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*The Emporium*

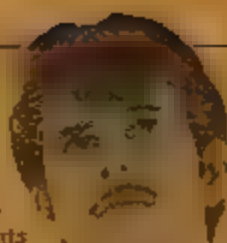
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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90038





BLACK NYLON BIKINI W/ZIPPER & TIE SIDES. Metal grommets and black leather ties along with an Industrial Zipper front. State waist

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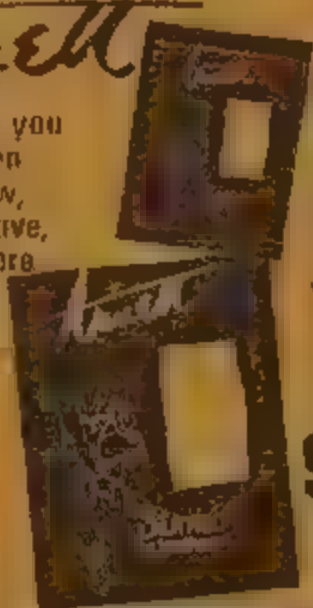
BLACK BIKINI WITH LEATHER TIE AND METAL GROMMETS. You can tie him up tight in black nylon and put black on it. Tell us the waist size and we'll do the rest.

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## TEXAS

**DALLAS, S. Aries. 42 5'8" 130 White 7 1/2".** Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No feds. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049.

**DALLAS, S. Aries. 39 5'11" 190. White, 6 1/2".** Old hand. Sixth generation Master demands an M who knows his place. No feds, feds, hippies. Box 137

**DALLAS, S. Libra. 39 5'11" 170. White, 7"** Knowledgeable. Permanent slave has police and Marine Corps discipline experience. Box 252M.

**FORT WORTH, MS. Aquarius. 41 6'2" 210 White 7".** Knowledgeable. Partner should be masculine, mature, affectionate, outdoor type. No feds, feds, drugs. Box 059D

**FORT WORTH, M. Leo. 50 6'1" 150. White.** Completely inexperienced. Wishes to be of use to and provide enjoyment for partner who will help him to realize his fantasies. No fat or indiscreet persons. Box 252D.

**HOUSTON, M. Cancer. 42 6' 145 White 7 1/2".** Knowledgeable. Orally oriented, really digs W/S, FF with partner who respects limits. Will submit to any painless scene and turn on to a Master into painless bondage. Age unimportant. Box 183F.

**HOUSTON, S. Libra. 29 5'8" 155. White, 6"** Completely inexperienced. Wishes to learn needs and limits of slave from quiet, submissive partner willing to start slowly. Box 313

**SAN ANTONIO, M. Aries. 31 5'10" 160 White 6".** Novice. Enjoys sex with and domination by a real stud to 40. Must be well endowed, over 6' tall. No drugs. Box 296J

**SAN ANTONIO, S. Virgo. 40 6'2" 186 White 8 1/2".** Completely inexperienced. Wants to meet someone to help him teach his lover total obedience. No feds. Box 450

## VIRGINIA

**ALEXANDRIA, M. Leo. 25 5'11" 170 White 6 1/2".** Old hand. Needs to be respected and to satisfy very firm and gentle Master. Wants to wear permanent collar for right person. Can travel. Box 084.

**ARLINGTON, S. Capricorn. 30 6' 155. White 8".** Knowledgeable. True top man seeks honest, discreet, passive partner into definite pain trip. Muscular, hairy if possible. Spends summers in Wildwood, New Jersey. No feds, hard drugs. Box 047L.

**RICHMOND, S. Leo. 52 5'9" 172 White 7".** Old hand. Wants true lover of Levis, high boots, riding breeches. Cycle owner preferred. Box 400.

**WOODBIDGE, MS. Scorpio. 42 5'11" 180 White 6 1/2".** Knowledgeable. Prefers M role, but will switch. Wants bondage and rough treatment by sadistic Master. No drugs, dirty scenes. Box 044.

## WASHINGTON

**\*\*\*SEATTLE, MS. Libra. 32 6'1 1/2" 185. White, 7"** Knowledgeable. Adaptable, sincere, open-minded, honest seeks same to 35 for possible permanent relationship. Law enforcement types & turn on. Must be able to travel. No blacks, drunks, heavy drugs, one-way types. Box 125N

**SEATTLE, MS. Cancer. 25 5'11" 175. White 6"** Novice. Motorcycle guys, cowboys, cops. Gags. Not into heavy beating. Box 138.

**TACOMA, SM. Capricorn. 35 6'2 1/2" 190 White 7"** Novice. Wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns new Harley and prefers bike owner. No feds, feds. Box 185G.

## WISCONSIN

**KENOSHA, MS. Libra. 34 5'12 1/2" 175. White, 6 1/2"** Novice. Eager to learn either role from clean, straight acting person. No 40's or hard core S M's. Box 16.

**WATERTOWN, S. Libra. 27 6' 175. White 7".** Novice. Will satisfy needs of mutually honest understanding partner. Into W/S, B&D, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

**\*\*\*MADISON, S. Sagittarius. 30 5'10" 150. White 7".** Old hand. Dominant, good looking dude digs husky, muscular well endowed partners to 39. Should be tall, dark haired, white. Smooth chest preferred. Box 017J

## WYOMING

**LARAMIE, S. Gemini. 25 5'10" 180 White 6 1/2".** Novice. No role switching. Muscular, dark preferred. Box 013X.

## AUSTRALIA

**MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, S. Taurus. 34 5'8" 154 White 7".** Knowledgeable. Digs breeches, boots, cycle police. Wants correspondence with breacher/leather guys. Box 062.

## CANADA

**PORT ALBERNI, BRITISH COLUMBIA, M. Pisces. 47 5'7" 142 White 6".** Knowledgeable. Experienced and obedient. Willing to service and please Leather Master. Into B&D W/S. Black & real turn on. No feds, feds. Box 048L.

**WEST VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SM. Warlock host offers vacation accommodations in totally dedicated S&M home to masculine male slaves. Any race and there's 5 slaves. Box 011.**

**DOWNSVIEW, ONTARIO, SM. Capricorn. 25 5'8" 135 White 7".** Will do anything to or for a real motorcycle cop, MP, state trooper or cowboy type. White, clean, non smoker preferred. No drugs. Box 285.

**KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SM. Gemini. 37 5'9 1/2" 170 White 5".** Novice. Muscular passive sought for beating. Box 190.

**OTTAWA, ONTARIO, SM. Aquarius. 40 5'11" 175 White 5 1/2".** Knowledgeable. Prefers consensual intelligent bodybuilder type. Box 024.

**OTTAWA, ONTARIO, MS. Aquarius. 47 5'11" 165 White 6".** Knowledgeable. Can offer bare scenes on farm to knowledgeable \$ to \$50 or so and goodlooking M. Personal cleanliness a must. No role switching during scenes, no redheads. Box 070X.

**OTTAWA, ONTARIO, S. Taurus. 40 6' 175. White 6 1/2".** Imaginative, versatile master seeks masculine slave into bondage, til work, etc. Must be intelligent. Box 071C.

**TORONTO, ONTARIO, MS. Capricorn. 23 5'7" 120 White 6".** Completely inexperienced. Needs experienced, forgiving teacher under 30 in Toronto. Box 074.

**TORONTO, ONTARIO, S. Leo. 50 5'7" 142 White 7".** Old hand wants docile M who can take strappings. Willing to train. Will respect limits. No feds or under 25. Box 080.

**TORONTO, ONTARIO, M. Leo. 33 5'9" 150. White 7 1/2".** Novice, seeks understanding farm or ranch type master. No feds or heavy drinkers. Box 052M.

**TORONTO, ONTARIO, MS. Pisces. 33 5'7" 130. White 6 1/2".** Knowledgeable. Will service, please and obey butch stud in boots and smelly jeans. Bikers a plus. No feds, feds, blacks. Box 081Z.

**\*\*\*TORONTO, ONTARIO, M. Leo. 37 5'10" 156. White 7".** Knowledgeable. Enjoys being completely dominated by aggressive, stocky S over 30. No feds, scat. Box 157T.

## ENGLAND

**ISLE OF MAN, M. Sagittarius. 52 6' 214 White, 5 1/2".** Novice. Turned on by bondage, boxing gloves, hoods, rubber, W/S. Seeks firm, trusting non butch Master. Eager to try new toys, positions & also poppers. Chain bondage. Box 152T.

**LONDON, M. Leo. 29 5'11" 154. White, 7"** Knowledgeable. Needs to be taught respect and beaten into passive ways. Box 060X.

**LONDON, S. Pisces. 36 6' 179 White 9 1/2".** Knowledgeable. Hunky eursian into FF & S bondage seeks clean partner 24 to 30. Should be muscular, hairy. Tattoos a turn on. Box 071B.

**LONDON, SM. Scorpio. 30 6' 180". White, 8".** Completely inexperienced. Has strong, dominant personality. Needs to learn M role. Wants slim, muscular, smooth bodied partner to 25. Box 278.

**NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX, M. Leo. 33 5'11" 164. White, 7".** Knowledgeable. Often in U.S. Qualified houseman, butler, valet. Box 066.

## HOLLAND

**AMSTELVEEN, M. Aquarius. 41 6' 65. White, 5 1/2".** Old hand. Travels in U.S., Canada, Europe. Box 255.

**THE HAGUE, SM. Pisces. 37 5'11" 145 White 9 1/2".** Knowledgeable. Into whipping, B&D, FF, W/S, and anal. Possession permanently. 1 month only for 35. 2nd partner will visit USA in October. Box 275M.

## WEST GERMANY

**FRANKFURT, MS. Leo. 32 6' 75 White 9".** Knowledgeable. American abroad w/ service slaves. Masters passing through. Girth luck can be arranged. No feds, feds. Under 40 only. Limit its respected. Box 185K.

## LATE ARRIVALS

## CALIFORNIA

**CAMARILLO, MS. Aquarius. 51 6'11" 171 White.** Knowledgeable. Masculine, prefers slave role and needs punishment from partner over 35. Willows in dirty sex but has limited tolerance for pain. Box 254S.

**NORTH HOLLYWOOD, M. Virgo. 34 5'9" 135 White 6 1/2".** Novice. Boot-fover has sincere desire to satisfy compatible partner into W/S. No feds, drugs, phones. Box 188R.

**SAN FRANCISCO, M. Libra. 34 5'10" 160 White 8".** Knowledgeable. Seeks masculine partner under 45 with endurance. No feds, feds. Orientals, Chicanos. Box 139.

## MASSACHUSETTS

**LEOMINSTER, MS. Pisces. 38 5'9 1/2" 160. White 6".** Completely inexperienced but imaginative. Understanding, into bondage. Seeks clean, intelligent partner. Box 185N.

## NEW YORK

**NEW YORK, S. Taurus. 35 5'9" 155. White, 7"** Knowledgeable. Super S gets off on satisfying hunky, very sexual partner through B&D, humiliation, etc. Should have good balls and ass. No feds. Box 056.

## ENGLAND

**LONDON, S. Aquarius. 47 5'9 1/2" 175. White 7"** Old hand. Must be able to meet partner with similar enjoyment of the S&M experience. Occasionally travels to New York, Maryland, D.C., California. No scat. Box 149.

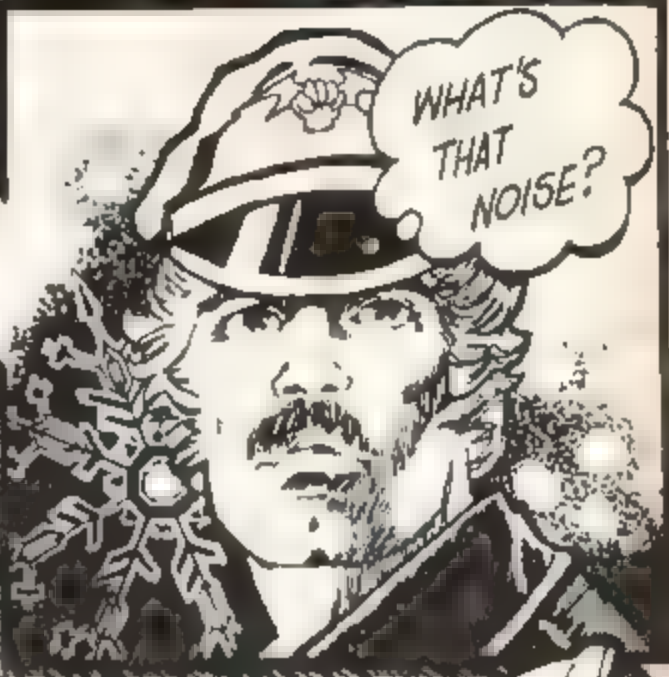
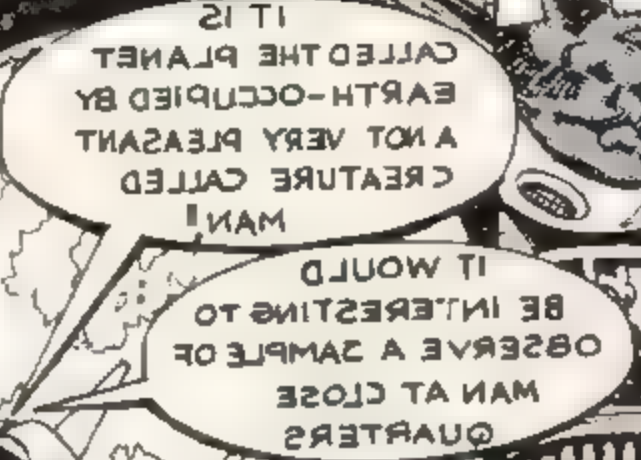
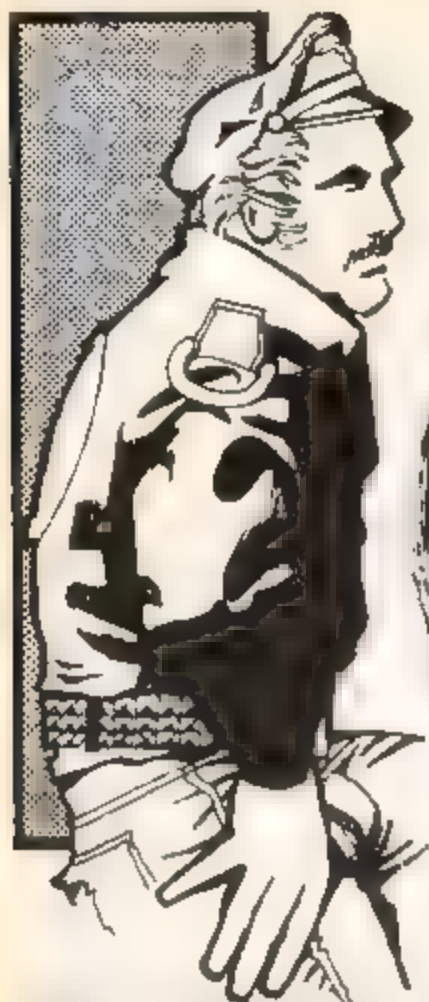
**WHAT THE FUCK  
IS THE LEATHER  
FRATERNITY?!**





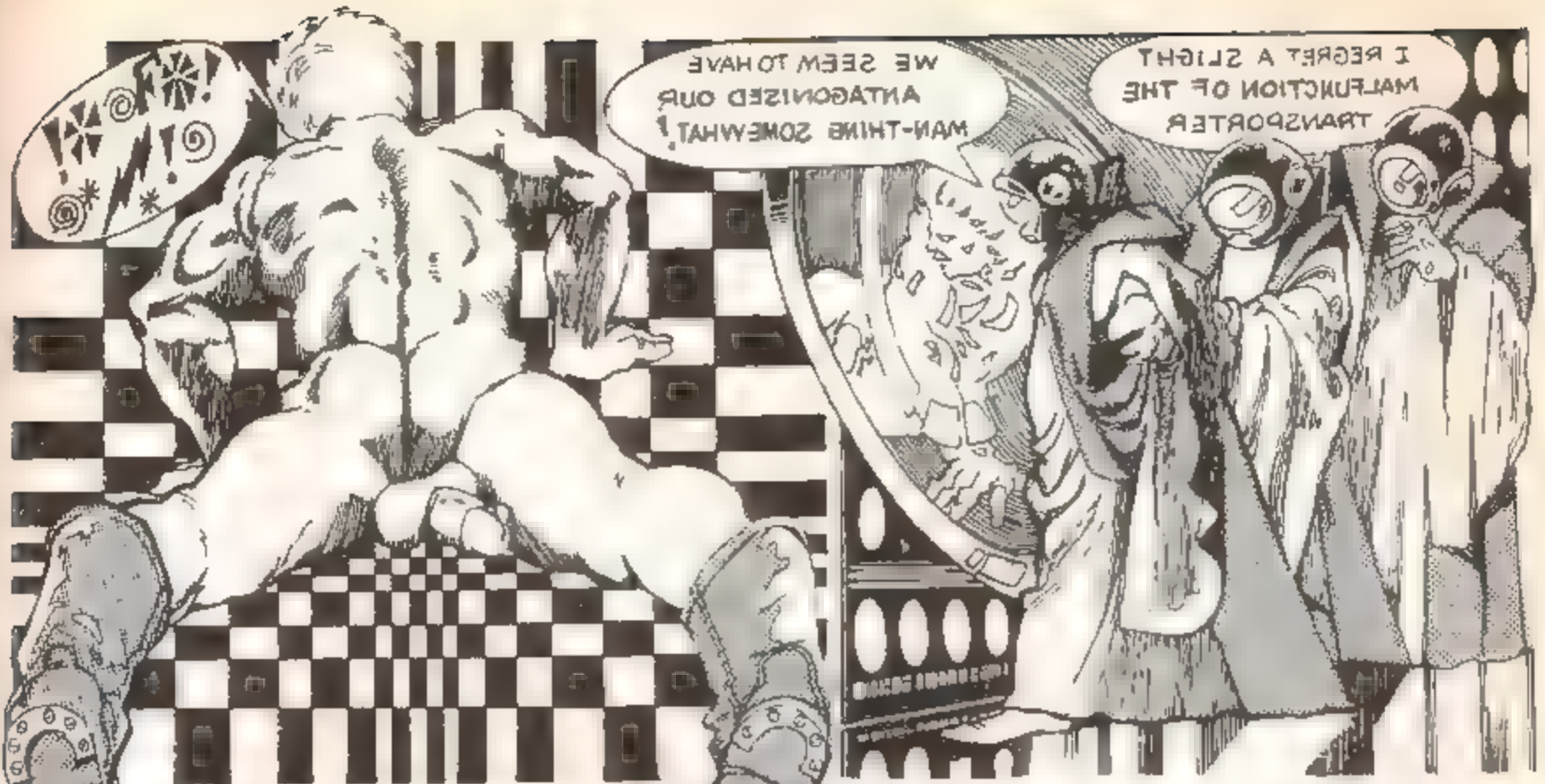
**A** DRIVE THROUGH THE  
WINTER LANDSCAPE  
FOR OUR HERO... TO GET AWAY  
FROM IT ALL... TO ENJOY THE  
RUSTIC DELIGHTS OF THE  
COUNTRYSIDE... TO GET  
BACK TO NATURE...





Stuork







# S&M Classics Revisited: A New Look at the Old Masters

## "Of The Operetta"

The castle was a remarkable building, imposing in size and constructed of hewn quarried rock and rough-hewn timber. Gazing at the structure, one could imagine an interior dungeon outfitted with equipment and devices almost beyond one's wildest hopes. And yet this was not quite the case. Yes, there was a dungeon, a theatre of sorts, but altogether elegant. Not more than ninety feet by sixty, its proportions were ideal. The walls were spaced out by panels picturing in graphic detail the most exquisite of tortures, between which hung draperies of heaviest black velvets and silks, contrasting yet complimenting the leather and chains which embellished them; the ceiling, softly domed and figured with men in couplings of every sort, was a little low. Everything was arranged in the most intimate way, for the pit had been completely suppressed, and behind the single row of stalls began the boxes and loges, each able to hold four or five persons.

Although the floor sloped down to a minuscule orchestra pit, maintaining the classical separation of audience and actors, the stage was so close as to give you the impression of being a part of what was going on, and in fact, when Spike and his boys slipped in between acts, the audience was still deeply moved. The lights were only half up, and everywhere was a buzz of comment and criticism, expressions of appreciation, ejaculations of varying kinds, smiling retorts and suggestive grimaces. The occupants of some of the boxes had even drawn the curtains, from behind which came the sound of slaps and smothered cries!

Frederick was delighted with every-



thing, especially with the box-openers for here, instead of the grumpy old men to whom the playgoer has become used.

Though not, I dare say, reconciled were a dozen or so handsome young creatures bare to the waist and in leather trousers that strapped under the instep and fitted smoothly across their behinds their builds, their chiseled features, and the absence of identifying keys or bandanas left their role a matter of doubt; but this ambiguity, Henry explained in a whisper, was matched by their readiness to sustain the role of either slave or Master.

Then the lights went down, the music began, and the curtains rose on the second of the two acts, discovering a football field where a dozen or more hunky young jocks, dressed in athletic clothing, were playing at touch football. Circling, dividing, forming and re-forming in the intricate patterns of the athletic field, they engrossed the stage with a smooth collective movement, almost unconsciously making erotic gestures and accompanying their actions with the grunts and groans of the gridiron. Soon the activity became more lively and more overt, the couples detaching themselves for a few minutes in the center of the stage to indulge in simulated sex acts, while the others clapped their hands in time, beat their cleated football shoes on the floor and laughed and cheered in a simple cascade of melody which was tossed to and fro like a pigskin, from one to the other and back again, with infinite varieties of expression and cadence.

But all at once there was a roll of

Continued on page 48





# “Under the Hill”





Continued from page 46

drums, the lights on the stage changed to a deep blue, and a drop-curtain swept aside revealing two giant male figures in full black leather, who had been watching. A wild arpeggio from the harp, like the susurrus of an autumn wind, succeeded, and the chorus of players, wailing, shrank back in a calculated disarray towards the wings; then the Masters advanced slowly, to a solemn, throbbing pizzicato of base vici.

Their appearance was truly wonderful. Black masks covered their faces, the codpieces of their leather pants bulged with anticipation, every muscle in their bodies ripped as they moved slowly upstage, nodding portentously and making gestures of outrage. A round of applause greeted them, for these were Master Bowyer and Master Barker.

And now the former took a striking attitude, the harp sounded a few notes, and he delivered a glorious recitative, his majestic basso profundo filling the theater as he expressed his indignation and horror, his well-nigh disbelief in the testimony of the eyes which glistened through the slits in the mask. He clenched his fists, raised them in the air, shook them and dropped them to his sides. An occasional interpolation from Master Barker cut across his words, and then the two voices joined in a somber and threatening duet in which execrations were mingled with promises of punishment and invocations of the spirit of the whip.

The duet ended with three long notes, uttered by the Masters in unison. This was the call to the slaves, and as the applause of the audience reached its climax four strapping boys carrying rods rushed on the stage. Now, the orchestra struck up a bouncy tune, to whose accented rhythm was executed a short and lively bacchanale, the jocks retreating and fleeing, the slaves pursuing, grasping, and losing; cries of alarm, triumph, and vexation mingled with the invigorating music, the dance became a wild rout of flying forms, a whirling kaleidoscope of football jersey and jockstrap, bare limbs and leather, from which at least two of the slaves emerged, each with an athlete securely horsed on his back, and the music ceased with a plangent crash of cymbals.

To the sounds of a plaintive solo by the premier violin, the two captive athletes were now lovingly and ceremoniously untrussed. Ah, what a delightful operation this was! What ravishing contours were exposed, what quiverings, what tremblings and trepidations, what rosy reluctancies, as the plump fesses emerged and the two were prepared for the leather crops in the hands of Bowyer and Barker!

Then all was quiet, the tableau arranged itself, each captive flanked by Master and slave, the remaining athletes creeping close as at the bidding of fear and fascination, and Master Barker, his rod upraised, began to deliver a thrilling lecture full of the old-fashioned phrases of locker room eloquence. By degrees his emotion mounted, as if like a Homeric hero he were exciting himself by his own threats and vauntings; his voice rose, throbbing and fulminating in somber *crescendi*, his arm gesturing with motions ever more purposeful, until at last, as a

superb and stately period rolled to its close, the crop descended with a rich and urgent hiss, and the flagellation commenced to a softly resumed music.

Frederick, already blushing with pleasure, followed everything eagerly, loving the strokes that fell so roundly, admiring the art with which the voices of *resseur* and *fesse* blended, this one rising, that falling, in a chromatic progression that decorated in obbligato the gentle but insistent beat of the boiero whispered by drums and muted strings. Now the whips seemed to dominate all the sounds and movements, as if it, and not the conductor's baton, were leading the music, evoking the cries of distress and satisfaction, and directing the reedlike swaying of the chorus from side to side and the leaps and bounds of the disciplined athlete. Frederick found himself beating time with the toe of his boot.

Then the music and cries increased in



Self-portrait of Aubrey Beardsley (1872-1898), a leader of the Art Nouveau style, whose works combine beauty and eroticism.

volume as flutes and oboes joined in, echoing and mingling and competing with the singers, and all at once two other voices added themselves, as Master Bowyer began to thrash the other culprit; and now the rhythms multiplied themselves in ingenious counterbeats and syncopations, notes short and long were exchanged like the repartees of a fugue, and at last, as agonized trills, roulades and fiorituri poured from the two athletes, the stirring quartet came to an end, its final strains engulfed by roars and bravos from the audience of debauched *cognoscenti*.

Fresh melodies and fresh victims succeeded rapidly. The plot became confused, the story lost itself, the incidents grew more outrageous, as crops were supplanted by other more vicious cat-o'-nine-tails, these then by limber straps, and these in turn by many-tongued martinets. At length, when matters had apparently reached some kind of crisis, there were

only the Masters, the four slaves, and a beautiful youth, quite nude, occupying the stage. Forming a circle around him they drove him to and fro between them with blows of their martinets, laughing raucously, until after a minute or two the boy sank down in an exquisite pose, quite motionless. The lights began to dim. Master Bowyer made a sign with his hand, and in the hush the slaves let down a scale from the proscenium, fastened the youth's wrists to it, and drew him up on tiptoe. The stage was utterly dark for a moment, then a clear rosy light illuminated the three principals, and one saw the two Masters were armed with long, supple whips.

The audience was tense and silent. Frederick himself felt his breath quickening as the blows began to fall. For now make-believe had turned to reality! He reached for the hand of Spike, which squeezed his in moist sympathy, as they both stared at the stage, hearing now the veritable sounds of punishment and the true accents of pain. The youth's body shook, twisted and trembled, his feet danced and kicked, the two whips sang in alternation, and piercing cries filled the dungeon-theatre, pleas for mercy, prayers for forgiveness, promises of amendment, all alike met by the Masters' measured replies, calm and judicial, full of ironical sympathy and encouragement, a suave, antiphonal rhetoric made deliciously paradoxical by the steady accompaniment running beneath it, the repeated whistle and report of whipcord on flesh.

"Jesus," said George in a whisper, "it's artistry with a vengeance, that throws art to the winds!" Henry nodded, smiling and rubbing his hands.

There was wild applause as the representation came to an end and the fainting youth hung limply in his bonds. Then, as the lights went up and the two Flagellants advanced to the footlights, hand in hand, bowing, they were greeted by cries of "Unmask, unmask!" — and the next moment, when they pulled off their leather masks, Frederick saw that the two were extraordinarily handsome, smiling men who at once began to ogle the unattached gentlemen in the side-boxes. Chains, keys, bandanas and leather garments were thrown from several directions; they were received with the arrogance of the Masters, who flourished their whips in a not-quite-playful manner at the admirers they had made.

"If you keep on looking at them that way," Spike growled at Frederick, "I'll show you how jealous I can be!"

Frederick's only response was to draw the curtains of the box violently, drop to his knees and undo the buttons of Spike's leather pants. Releasing the turgid cock from its confines, Frederick wrapped his mouth around that instrument of pleasure.

"Jesus, man!" yelled Spike after a few moments. "Not here, not here!"

"No," said Masters Bowyer and Barker, putting their heads through the curtains at that instant. "We've engaged the Torture Chamber upstairs. We saw you and knew just how you'd be feeling. Shall we go?"

from "Under the Hill,"  
by Aubrey Beardsley  
loosely adapted by Jeanne Barney



days. That was when we decided to make my slavery permanent.

The letters are a different part of our story and somewhat private. But then, I guess, so was that first weekend. Dan and I walked into the garage that served as a studio and playroom, and I told him to strip. Still smiling somewhat, but with a look of apprehension at facing the terrifying Robert Payne, he dropped his jacket to the floor. He unbuttoned his shirt, which followed the jacket to the floor, revealing a good set of shoulders and a chest covered with blond hair. His pants dropped and off came the boots and socks, leaving him wearing, of all things, a jockstrap. I hadn't seen one of those since my school days. I yanked the jock off and saw the reason he needed the support. His big balls hung down, free and full. I looked him over. The first impression I can remember was that I couldn't find anything wrong with him. He looked sound of body, he was bright enough, had a strong jaw, blue-green eyes and was a blond, a point in his favor. Somehow I identify with blonds, not being one myself. Way back in my childhood, there must have been a playmate that I have patterned my ideal after. I wasn't overwhelmed by this man, but I certainly wasn't repulsed, either. He seemed eager to please, and I was determined to see how eager.

Dan stayed a day longer than expected, and I took him to the airport to fly to Vegas for the convention. As he left, I wondered if I would ever see him again. A couple of days later, however, he called and waited to be invited back for the next

weekend. This time there was no drive to the Roosevelt. Instead, he appeared at my office on a Friday; I was momentarily annoyed because he was early and I was busy. I guess he had kissed off the convention. Again, he was full of good cheer from his plane ride and the excitement of being back in California.

The second weekend was better than the first, and he got on the plane that time without his pubic hair but with a chain and lock around his neck. He didn't look back this time either but he wrote every day and called often. A few times he was a little tipsy on the phone, but always charming — and very humble. I made him fill out a Leather Fraternity questionnaire. In those days, a requirement was a tracing of one's hard-on, and both the application and the tracing were pretty truthful. I had told him he wasn't allowed to play with himself, and he told me he was taking so many cold showers that he didn't have any suntan left. He was usually naked when he called me at night, wearing only his neck chain, a steel cock ring and a hard-on. He would beg me to let him jerk off, and once or twice I relented. He reported that the pubic hair was getting itchy as it grew back; I ordered him to shave it regularly. He thanked me, and the next letter had cum stains all over the back of it. He proudly wrote that he hadn't touched himself, he had just shot all over while writing to me.

Dan took his vacation in August and we did all the things that tourists do when they come to Southern California. The two weeks went almost as fast as the two earlier weekends. It was decided during that brief time that he was to leave Memphis and come to L.A. to work with me. There were so many things that needed doing, and here was someone who

wanted to share the action. I wasn't too sure about his quitting his job, severing his relationship with his roommate, pulling up roots and settling down with me for the rest of our lives. That was what he was leading up to. At least he knew what he wanted. No, I wasn't too sure . . . but when I looked down at him, buck-naked at my feet, eating together the dinner he had prepared, I thought of the constant parade of faces and bodies that had passed for relationships, nameless people who mostly wanted to get their rocks off and say they had made it with Robert Payne, the guy that writes THOSE books. So I made plans, too.

By the end of his vacation, it seemed as though we had known one another all our lives and that he had always lived in the big old house on the hill.

September dragged on and on, and after more letters and phone calls, it was set: The first week of October was the date of arrival. All of Dan's belongings that wouldn't fit into his Pinto would be shipped. He was already haunting the grocery stores for packing boxes. His letters became more endearing and more excited. The last letter said . . .

"TWO WEEKS FROM TODAY IS MY LAST DAY HERE. It is unbelievable. Your slave is practically there, Sir. I am not waiting patiently, but the time is going as fast as it can and I'm busy getting things in order. I love you, Master, and miss your hands, your cock, your voice. I miss you altogether, Sir. I will be in your arms and in my chains very soon. I love my Master very much.

Your loving slave, Dan"


Loving was the word for the letter. Prophetic is a better one.


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# Famous Sadists in History

## TORQUEMADA!

THE PLAZA DE FE WAS THE PLACE OF THE AUTO DE FE (THE PLACE OF THE ACT OF FAITH), WHERE WAS CONDUCTED THE BURNING ALIVE OF HUMAN BEINGS.





The chilling presence of Tomás de Torquemada, moving without expression over whimpering victims of the *pottaro* or the *strappado* during Spain's nightmarish 15th Century, cannot be fully comprehended out of context. The inquisitorial Inquisition had been founded by Papal Decree in 1231, theoretically to stamp out the Albigensian heretics of southern France, but it mustered unopposed in other parts of Europe.

At the outset, I was under the absolute control of the *dominican* order of friars (St. Dominic having been an outstanding administrator whose sexual fantasies "were almost certainly sadistic"). Among the two main powers, these "hounds of the Lord" or *dominicans*, as the Inquisition came to call them, were, had was first and foremost, the judicial use of torture.

After 250 years, the evil institution had pervaded the Continent both geographically and intellectually. At no time did thought at a time when men's minds were growing increasingly enlightened, was suspect. The rigors, stratified and repressive social order of Spain provided especially fertile ground to the torture and growth of what became the Inquisition's most powerful and implacable offshoot. The number of cases grew to such an extent that, by a Papal Bull on February 11, 1482, seven new Inquisitions came into being.

One of these was a tall, lean Dominican friar with sunken, ice-blue eyes, high cheekbones and a flat, harsh voice. His name was Tomás de Torquemada, and he had been the impulsive Queen Isabella's confessor. As Prior of Segovia, this stiff, self-contained man was also the head of the local Inquisition. It has been recorded that when he stalked the sun-washed streets of that town in his Stygian black friar's habit, children crossed themselves and fled and adults looked aside, avoiding his glance.

It was less than a year before his zeal in the torture chamber (called, euphemistically, "the room of faith") resulted in his being appointed by the skinny and nervous King Ferdinand as "Grand Inquisitor," head of the Holy Inquisition for all of Spain.

As the very first Grand Inquisitor, Torquemada was primarily expected to perfect the organization, and his success is now notorious. Himself an ascetic, he nevertheless maintained a personal bodyguard of 50 mounted "Familiars," and 200 lusty infantrymen were under his immediate command. Still, he slept in a small, cell-like room with black tile floor and white plaster walls, the only ornament a crucifix and the only furniture a chair, a bed, a chest of drawers and the hempen mat on which he knelt for his prayers.

History reports that the morose monk spent many a sleepless night in this room, "wrestling with the devil," and that "sometimes he stripped naked and called in a monk to whip him, to beat his flesh until he was covered all over with livid welts, and these welts were like armor in his battle against the devil." One wonders if it was the daily horrors his hard, mask-like face oversaw in the subterranean torture chamber that helped contribute

to his zeal.

In that dark, dank, and cold chamber, which a greenish mold grew (the view of those stretched out on the only wall decoration was a Christ on the cross, savagely realistic, blood-red paint pouring from the wounds). The torturer, or *encarnador*, was masked in a black hood with two holes for the eyes and one through which to breathe. The nature of their occupation required that these tormentors be strong and heavily muscled, and the only garment to cover their nakedness was a sort of short leather apron.

The Inquisition was established to take aggressive action against all "heretics, backsliders, and blasphemers." Any vindictive citizen could bring such hazy accusations against any other. Under the malevolent genius of Torquemada, the Inquisition assumed a sadistic system which continued "with hardly any amendment" for three centuries after his death.

Procedures and methods became highly structured, as they were described years later by Julius Clarus, a member of the council to Spain's Philip II: "Know therefore that there are five degrees of torture; viz., first, the being threatened; secondly, being carried to the place of torture; thirdly, by stripping and binding; fourthly, the being hoisted upon the rack; fifthly, squassation. The stripping is performed without any regard to humanity or honour.

As to squassation, it is thus performed: the prisoner hath his hands bound behind his back, and weights tied to his feet, and then he is drawn up on high till his head reaches the very pulley. He is kept hanging in this manner for some time, that by the greatness of the weight hanging at his feet all his joints and limbs may be dreadfully stretched, and on a sudden he is let down with a jerk, by the slackening of the rope... by which terrible shake his arms and legs are all disjointed, whereby he is put to the most exquisite pain, the shock which he receives by the sudden stop of the fall, and the weight at his feet stretching his whole body more intensely and cruelly."

The "pulley" described above was known as the *strappado*. Later refinements included the *cordeles* and *garottes*, but the unbearable effect was the same as in Torquemada's time. The water torture was even more fiendishly ingenious. A prisoner was fastened naked on "a sort of trestle with sharp-edged rungs" and kept in that position with an iron band, head lower than feet, his arms and legs bound to the sidepieces with "agonizing tightness." His mouth was forced open and a strip of linen inserted into his throat.

Through this, water was poured from a jar (*jarre*), obstructing the throat and nostrils and inducing a state of semi-suffocation. Incredibly enough, the process was repeated again and again, oftentimes as many as eight *jarres* being applied! As if that were not enough, the ropes around the victim's limbs were simultaneously and continually tightened until it seemed as though every vein in his body were at the bursting point.

Richard Haselton, an Englishman ar-

... has submitted to that... he would have... and put it in a manner... a continual... of my... he was... my torments, that...

... of the... of the... and held... he felt... he suffers... in other... and then... At... to... were... the bare... and the burning... of... body... with hot irons.

One of the best known first person accounts of the terrors of Torquemada's legacy is that of the English sailor, Robert Lithgow, who was captured early in the 1600s: "The executioner stripped me to the skin, I was brought to the rack, and then mounted by him on top of it. Soon I was hung by the bare shoulders, with two small cords which went under both my arms running on two rings of iron that were fixed in the wall above my head.

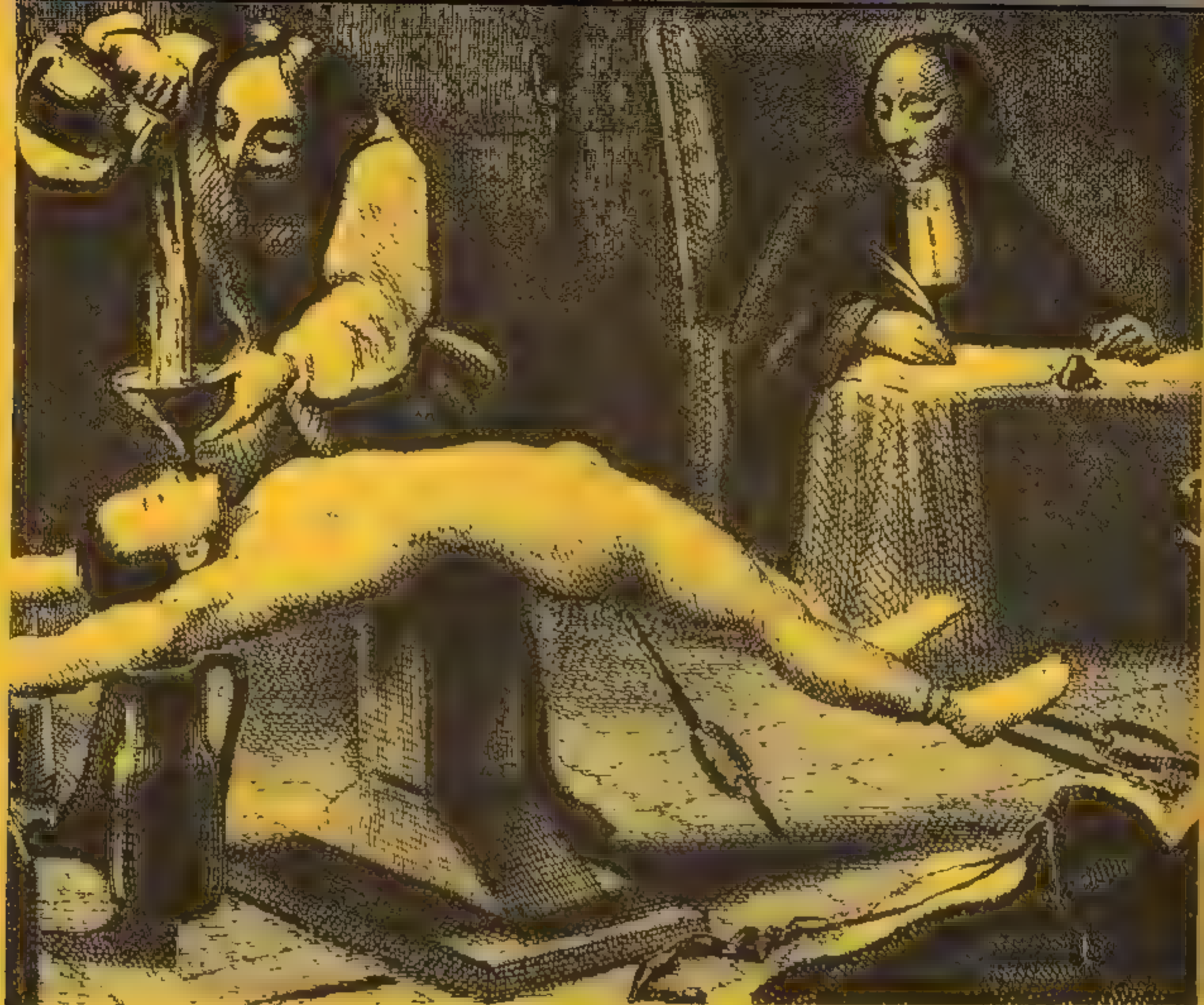
"Thus being hoisted to the appointed height, the tormentor went below, and drawing down my legs through the two sides of the three-planked rack, he tied a cord about each of my ankles. Then, ascending upon the rack, he drew the cords upward, and bent my knees forward against the two planks with main force. The sinews of my hams burst asunder, and the lids of my knees were crushed, the cords were made fast, and I hung so for a large hour...

"Then the tormentor, laying my right arm above the left, cast a cord round both arms seven times, and then, lying flat on his back and setting both his feet on my belly, he charged and drew violently with his hands, making my stomach support the force of his feet, until the seven cords combined in one place on my arm — and cut the sinews and the flesh to the bare bones...

"Now my eyes began to start, my mouth to foam and froth, and my teeth to chatter like the doubling of drummers' sticks... and notwithstanding my shivering lips, my vehement groaning in this fiery passion, and the founts of springing blood from my arms, broken sinews, hams, and knees, and my whole weight hanging on flesh-cutting cords, yet they struck me in the face with cudgels...

"Then my trembling body was laid in top of and along the face of the rack, with my head downward and enclosed within a circular hole, my belly upmost and my heels upward toward the top of the rack, my arms and legs were parted and fastened with pins and cords to both sides of the outer planks... the executioner first laid a cord over the calf of my leg, then another across the middle of my thigh, and the third cord over the thick part of my





firm.

"The cords were made fast on either side of my body through holes in the outside planks, and the ends laced to pins, which were made fast with a device for the executioner was to tighten the cord on the outside of the planks. The cords were laid to meet my skin, and on every one of these six parts of my body, I was to receive seven distinct tortures, each torture consisting of three wrenching throws of every pin.

"Then he went to an earthen jar full of water and took a pot full of water from it. In the bottom of it was an insect hole which he stopped with his thumb and it came to my mouth. Then he let it pour into my belly. I closed my lips against the eager flow, so that not a drop of water with a pair of iron cadges did need them there I really, whereupon my hungering belly waxed great and swelled like a drum. I was suffocated in vain for my head hung downward, and the water being lodged in my throat with struggling, once strangling and swallowing up my breath.

"Thus I lay six hours upon the rack, having had no relief from sixty-seven tortments. Nevertheless they kept me a

\* I still hear, after many tortures, the cold blood of my body all begotten with cold, the cold through every pore to the crust and bristle bones. I remained there roaring, howling, foaming, bellowing and gnashing my teeth until the pins were undone and my body loosed. When my body was taken from the rack the water gushed abundantly from my mouth.

"Then they took out my bucket bloody, and cold from my body, for I had been stark naked at this time, and I fell twice in a swooning trance.

Weeks later I was again ordered to the stocks, my knees and hands fast by the Sergeant's hands; instantly setting my teeth asunder with iron cadges they filled my belly full of water, gorging me even to the throat, and then with a gaffer they bound fast my throat, till the whites of my eyes turned upward, and he laid on my side, I was undressed and so seven times through the rack.

Then they fastened a strap across about each of my ankles, and hoisting me with it to the end of a high ladder the cords ran over two rings of iron fastened above, they cut the ladder, and I fell hung with my head downward in

my arms and legs weight, and all the gushing water ran away. I was at least from the ladder quite senseless, when I was reclothed and fast bolted again.

Once more inevitably, guilty, a variety of further punishments awaited. Scourging was very frequent during Torquemada's ascendancy, and it was executed publicly, with every circumstance of humiliation. As many as 200 strokes were commonplace. "Shaming" (*vergüenza*) was a similar penalty: the guilty man was paraded through town's streets to the waist and bearing the insignia of his offense, while a clerk proclaimed the sentence and details of the crime. Sometimes a gag was applied, this being regarded as an additional humiliation.

For those condemned to the ultimate heresy, a public bonfire, there was a store. On the edge of Torquemada's Segovia, the *Plaza de Fe* was the place of the *Auto de Fe* (the Place of the Act of Faith), where was conducted the burning of evil-doing man-beings. It is said that the stones of scourging flesh lay constantly about the base of the stone platform, the "Pedestal of Faith," of which was erected the blackened stake surrounded by bundles of faggots.



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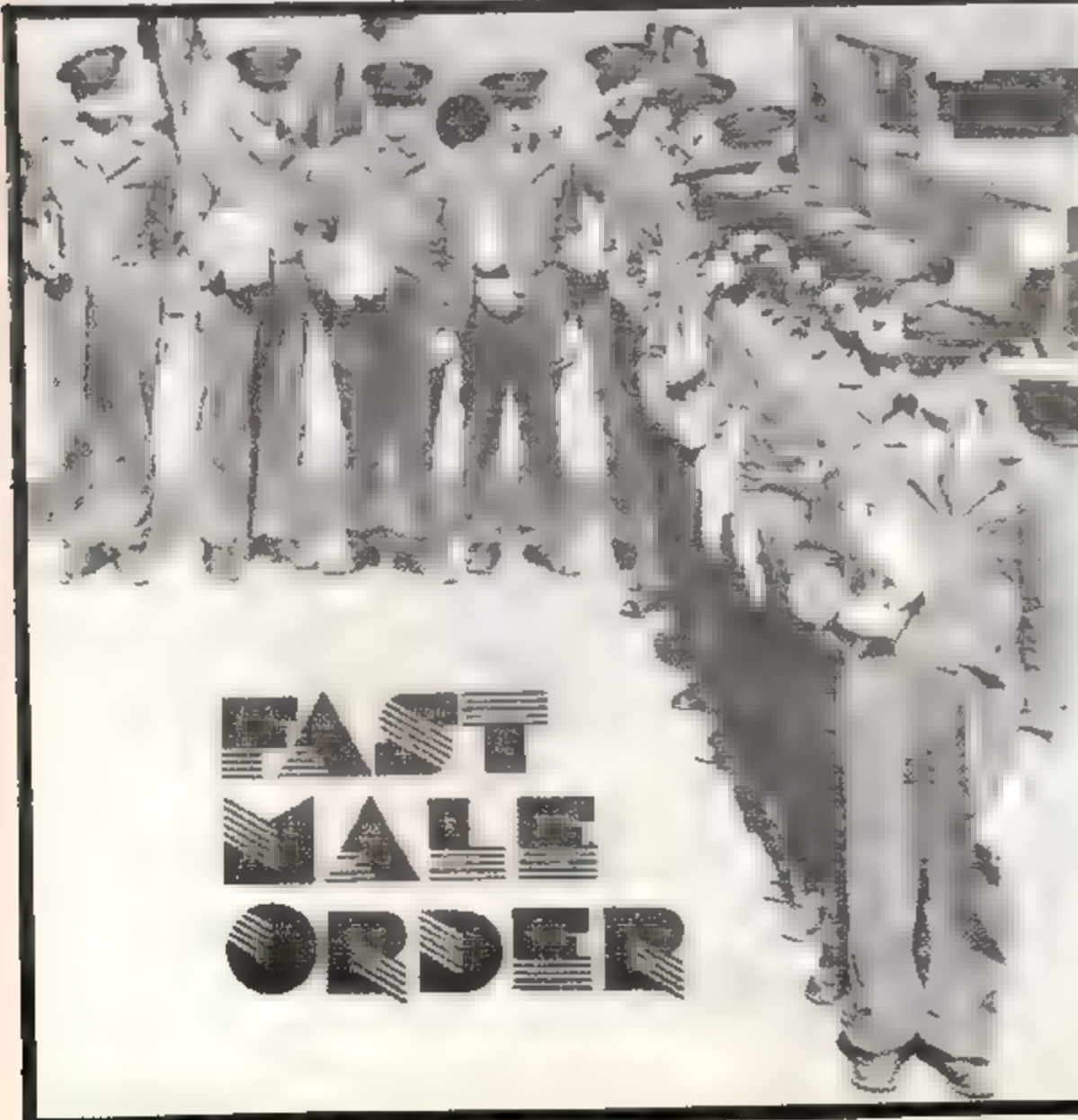
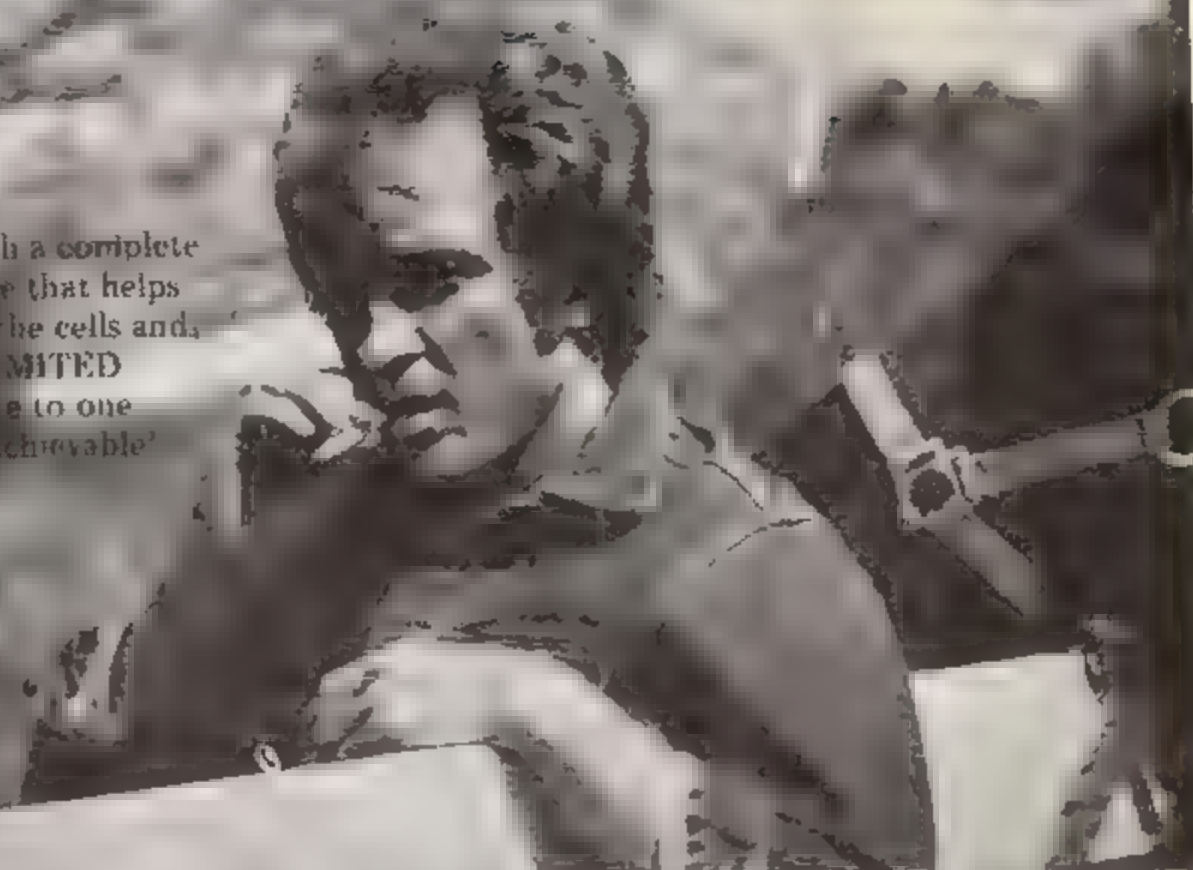
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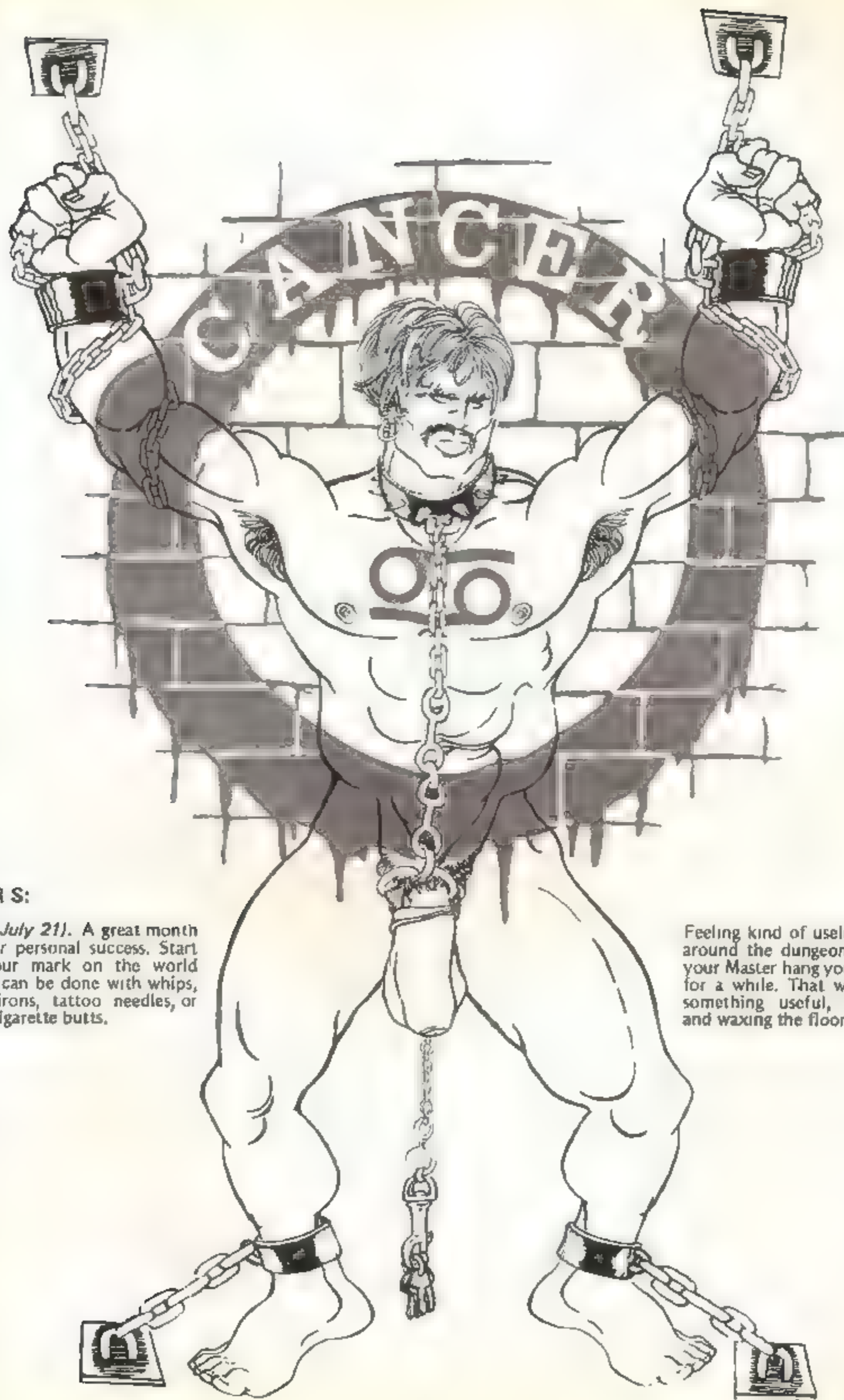
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## It's all in the Stars...

- LEO S:** (July 22–Aug. 21): Prove you're a real S. Next time in San Francisco, try to drink your way down Folsom Street without getting laid in a bar even once.
- Leo M:** You will find yourself attracted to someone else's lover, causing great tension in your present relationship. This will probably anger your Master and he will beat the shit out of you, thus saving your relationship.
- VIRGO S:** (Aug. 22–Sept. 22): Piss in your M's dress socks before he goes to work in the morning, so he can slosh around all day. Don't worry: urine will not dissolve nail polish.
- Virgo M:** Season is ripe for getting away from it all. Hire yourself out on a slave ship going anywhere. This way you can enjoy both leisure and the lash while seeing strange places through an oar hole.
- LIBRA S:** (Sept. 23–Oct. 22): If you're feeling too tired or are too busy to shave your slave, hoist him on a pulley and lower him repeatedly into a large bottle of NAIR.
- Libra M:** Visit the above S, taking along a small bottle of NAIR and a large mallet.
- SCORPIO S:** (Oct. 23–Nov. 21): Tattoo the letter "M" on each cheek of your slave's ass. Everytime you get ready to fist fuck him, his ass will exclaim "WOW!"
- Scorpio M:** Get thee to a tattoo parlor that gives Green Stamps and Crisco.
- SAGITTARIUS S:** (Nov. 22–Dec. 21): Start a fire in someone's heart... with hot, dripping wax.
- Sagittarius M:** In the coming days a tall, dark stranger will walk into your life and all over your face.
- CAPRICORN S:** (Dec. 22–Jan. 20): Watch your health. Somewhere in your dark future lurks a slave with syphilis.
- Capricorn M:** Invite your friends over for a billiard tournament. Then hide all the balls except your own.
- AQUARIUS S:** (Jan. 21–Feb. 19): Develop a new fetish this month. Try to be unique... get into acne and the eroticism of Clearasil.
- Aquarius M:** Insult a bull dyke today. Remember, there is no pleasant way to pronounce the word "cunt."
- PISCES S:** (Feb. 20–Mar. 20): Stop by the local Leather Emporium for the latest in spring styles and colors. Of course, if you're turned on by anything other than traditional black, you're probably wearing your keys on the wrong side.
- Pisces M:** Start a bandana collection, running the color spectrum from infra-FFA red to Ultra-S&M violet. Surprise your Master with a daily color program: "Yellow on Sundays" (for the sports-minded); "Blue Mondays," "Brown for Shitty Tuesdays," etc.
- ARIES S:** (Mar. 21–Apr. 19): Fuck your slave with Mentholatum Rub. Then see who's *really* the M.
- Aries M:** Definitely an anal month for your sign! Get fucked or have a hemorrhoid operation. If you don't need the latter, so much the better!
- TAURUS S:** (Apr. 20–May 20): Good time to pierce your slave's ears or nipples. Borrow a bow and arrow and try the William Tell method. If you aren't fortunate enough to own a harem, better practice on beer cans for a while.
- Taurus M:** Into physical abuse and humiliation? Visit L.A. and grope a vice cop at Pepino's Adult Theatre.
- GEMINI S:** (May 21–June 21): Join a Puerto Rican terrorist group to break the monotony of whipping and branding all day. Take out a patent on the "Molotov Cockring."
- Gemini M:** Do something you'll get a beating for. If all else fails, shut yourself up in a laundromat dryer.





#### CANCER S:

*(June 22–July 21).* A great month to consider personal success. Start leaving your mark on the world now. This can be done with whips, branding irons, tattoo needles, or plain old cigarette butts.

#### Cancer M:

Feeling kind of useless just hanging around the dungeon all day? Have your Master hang you by your heels for a while. That way you can do something useful, like scrubbing and waxing the floors.



# BOOK REPORT



**THE FANTASY GAME** — How male and female sexual fantasies affect our lives by Dr. Peter Dally. Publisher: Stein and Day, Scarborough House, Briarcliff Manor, New York 10510. 204 pages. \$10.00.

"There are infinite varieties of sexual fantasies, but ultimately all are either sadistic or masochistic in content," intones Dr. Peter Dally in *The Fantasy Game*, going even further to pontificate that "the great majority of sexual fantasies are fundamentally masochistic." Well, now.

A teacher of psychiatry at the University of London and a Fellow of both the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Psychiatrists, Dr Dally is obviously attempting in this book to reach the mass audience that has eluded his earlier, more technical works. What with its oversimplifications, repetitions, titillating case histories and a pleasant style, he may very well succeed.

As with so many books of this nature, the reader needs a high tolerance for ponderous statements of the obvious ("All masochistic fantasies involve submission," "sometimes pornography is used to absorb fantasies," "the fetishist's fantasies always revolve around his fetish object," "without fantasies we would become miserable") as well as for unsupported claims ("most alcoholics and chain smokers have masochistic fantasies," "every great hero is masochistic at rock bottom," "public lavatory graffiti are more often homosexual than heterosexual," "men are by nature Peeping Toms").

One of the more provocative sections in the book deals with the relationship

between the nature of our sexual fantasies and the line of work we get into. Lawyers and actors, according to the good doctor, are more likely to have masochistic than sadistic fantasies; and in sports, members of a team (football, baseball, rugby) are also more apt to be masochists, as are "top-class" boxers, but "second-rate boxers are strictly sadists." Also sadists' archers and chess players. And "top-class bridge is *par excellence* a sadistic game." Not a word about backgammon.

He goes on to fantasize that "it must be difficult to be an efficient member of, say, the Vice Squad without having strong sadistic fantasies and voyeuristic tendencies," but that "officers of the armed services sometimes have even greater opportunities to gratify their fantasies than policemen." Turning to the profession with which he is most familiar, he notes that "when medical students graduate it is revealing to see how the sadists and masochists instinctively choose different branches of medicine."

Religion also gets its knocks: "Christianity is of course essentially a masochistic religion . . . every mystic, all those saints who underwent mystical conversion, had masochistic fantasies. The supreme masochist can endure torture, burning, all the agonies of martyrdom, so long as he continues to believe in his cause. Masochistic fantasies can be harnessed for religious wars and persecutions." So what else is new?

If you wonder how sexual fantasies develop, Dr. Dally has the answer:

*"Sexual fantasies take shape in early childhood, become fixed in adolescence. . . The child who feels hungry, uncomfortable and unloved experiences unhappiness and anger. In his inner world where he is master, he tears and bites at, perhaps even imagines killing, the person he longs to possess, to be united with — usually his mother. Guilt, anxiety and despair follow, for a child cannot clearly distinguish fantasy from reality . . . Fantasy switches from punishing to being punished. It is out of such emotions that sexual fantasies, masochistic or sadistic, develop, and the patterns of adult sexual behaviour are formed."*

Should that sound a bit simplistic to you, be glad you're not a woman, for the views in the book are incendiarily sexist: "There are profound differences between the ways men and women fantasize . . . It is significant that most romantic novels are written for and by women (as most pornography is written by men for men)," "voyeurs are always male," "few women are interested in a Mr. World competition; the pectorals of Charles Atlas leave most women cold." This latter should also surprise some bodybuilders!

Under the heading of pure rubbish come a good many of the statements regarding sadists. It is impossible to subscribe to such sweeping conclusions as "the sadist . . . is not so likely to achieve

success as the masochist of equivalent abilities" or "the sadist is an anxious person at heart . . . almost invariably impotent . . . unless his partner is . . . (an) unwilling victim" or "it is easier for the masochist to adapt his life in socially acceptable ways than for a sadist" or "sadistic fantasies . . . tend to be . . . less imaginative (than masochistic ones)." No, not rubbish. Poppycock!

Dr. Dally is on firmer ground when discussing the development of sex and sexual fantasies. He says that "it is when we consider our psychological make-up, our degree of masculinity and femininity, that doubts and fears arise . . . No one description of what constitutes male or female human behaviour and temperament will ever be universally acceptable. Even our present-day concepts are unlikely to endure for more than a decade or so." His ultimate conclusion, that "we are all in some measure bisexual," cannot be disputed, but there are many researchers who might cast a baleful eye on "most people are capable of homosexual behaviour but only about four per cent of either sex have predominantly homosexual interests."

Throughout the book, names are named and case history examples cited. His discussion on Love and Lust is compelling, but when he gets into Role Playing you know from its superficiality that our author has surely never seen the inside of a leather bar . . . and you wonder then at the aptness of his name, "Peter Dally."

There is even, for those so inclined, a *Reader's Digest-Cosmopolitan* quiz which, the author warns us, "— should be taken not as a serious scientific test but rather as a lighthearted guide with which the



Dr. Peter Dally, author of many previous works for professionals, teaches psychiatry at the University of London and is a Fellow of both the Royal College of Physicians and of the Royal College of Psychiatrists



# BOOK REPORT

reader can examine his or her own fantasies and inhibitions." We are then cautioned to answer "quickly" such questions as "Do you agree with Abraham Lincoln that the ballot is stronger than the bullet?" . . . "You see your six-year-old son or nephew pulling the wings off captive flies. Do you (a) immediately punish him, (b) Reason with him, (c) Feel unconcerned about such a commonplace happening" . . . "Would you be ashamed of being seen either buying or reading pornography?" Interestingly enough, one checks his test scores to determine only masochism.

Still, Dally's exegesis on the development and uses of pornography merit thorough attention, especially his summation that "pornography can act more as a valve than a detonator."

So there you are. You can either lay out ten bucks for this slender tome, or lay back and have yourself a good free fantasy.

— Ed Franklin

valuable to anyone, neophyte or don, involved with the "ritual, paraphernalia, and protocol connected with this type of work."

Yet it is also an engrossing novel, set, dialogueless, in the epistolary style of an anonymous uncle writing to an equally anonymous nephew, the communications covering the period of about one year. There is an incisive intelligence at work here, one whose knowledge of "the Way," while thorough, seems more acquired than experienced, more the product of time spent in the stacks than in the stocks.

The format selected by author Carney makes for some very unwieldy exposition, but we deduce from scattered hints that the uncle, a former Army M.P., must be in his late 40s, while the nephew, an ex-Marine, is 30. Ostensible purpose of the uncle's letters is to tell his nephew "what I know and aid you to embark upon this Way . . . My letters will direct your attention exclusively to male Leather."

After a warning to enter this world cautiously and carefully, there follows a detailed description of its taxonomy, covering the two "roles" and the three "routes" (Purists or 'Oblates,' Exemplars or 'Others' or 'Helpers' and The Perfect), the three "ranks" (Leather, Rough and The Real Thing) and various "categories": all for "practitioners of the Mysteries."

There are several other warnings in the course of the work — Carney being no proselytizer — including one, quite extensive, against flippancy ("Nothing is more unseemly in this work than inappropriate jest") and another, quite pointed, against "phonies in the field" who "crowd into the leather bars and the after hours joints and then these places are fuzzed because of them . . . Our Way is channeled aggression, and as such it has bypassed that asocial behavior of the normal run of queen, fairy, hustler, and hood (for) that which is quick and easy is of no use to us." Get the message?

"Since your appearance should proclaim you," the letters go into minute and fascinating detail on the matter of dress codes, and, getting methodically into the actual scene itself, there are instructions ranging from the anatomy of a simple slap ("the swinging motion of a good slap should be executed as if you were knocking a pile of not very heavy books off the side of a table") to the execution of a Martyr ("cared for by his guide . . . an eminent anesthesiologist").

Lest this seem too morbidly clinical, such nuggets merely ornament a book that does contain, without question, all the necessary ingredients of a true novel. There is suspense (will the nephew turn out to be a masochist or a sadist — "I mean to finally test you myself"), foreshadowing (numerous allusions to "personal disasters"), conflict (threats to terminate the relationship), and, most importantly, a triangle of sorts which

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**THE REAL THING** by William Carney.  
Publisher: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 200  
Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016.  
176 pages, \$6.00.

From its simulated black leather jacket to its blood-red endpapers, William Carney's *The Real Thing* is, most assuredly, in the words of the author, "a coherent manual of conduct and procedure . . . based upon certain truths . . . of all this (S&M) experience . . . the obligations of those on top and the duties of those on the bottom." And, as such, it is in-



# BOOK REPORT

slowly but intriguingly emerges (uncle, nephew and the pervasive off-stage presence of a mysterious "I")

On what does the narrator-uncle base his mentor-like image? Well, for one thing, "I found that the Army was an invaluable source of instruction and practice. Of course, I was attached to the military police." But he also claims to have gone through every avatar, "Pure, Leather, Western, the mail-order bit, Hand Worship, rubber, confinement, Dirt, the military syndrome, sickle clubs, the desolate suburban self-improvement and naughtiness circuit..."

It was through all this that he developed his philosophy, stating "I found that in a world of disorder and disaster there is only one choice before us: the ever-recurrent one of slavery and mastery. This is the law of human relationship, no matter the guise." He further learned that "to be older is important," for "to be a success in this, one must no longer be at the mercy of one's needs. Remember," he summarizes, "everybody is young to somebody."

I recommend the book virtually without qualification. It has been underground for far too long, and it is time it emerge and take its place on the shelf along with de Sade, von Sacher-Masoch and Mirbeau. When one reaches the end, he realizes the impeccability of the structural device, and has enjoyed a climatic moment that would do O'Henry proud.

Special comments are due the brilliant Introduction by critic Alan Hull Walton. He points out that "the desire to render a sexual partner helpless... (is) universal," and that the underlying theme, much to Carney's credit, is that sadism isn't strictly a sexual deviation but can be a way of life applicable not only to an individual but also to a group (any guesses?) or even a nation (ditto?). This critique alone is worth the moderate price of admission, and should be required reading by any person or persons assigned to deal with private and/or public behavior.

William Carney himself is surely no stranger to the more metaphysical aspects of so-called deviant eroticism. His conclusions anent the S&M scene are beyond the sexual: "All our work may be said to consist in the precise gratification of vague needs... spiritual yearnings translated into parables of exquisite violence."

— E. F.



**THE SHOE FELT COLD AS IT WAS PLACED ON HIS FOOT; AND THOUGH IT SEEMED RIDICULOUS TO HIM, HE HAD SOMEHOW BECOME A PARTICIPANT.**

**TAKE ONE AND SEE MT. FUJIYAMA** by Duane Michals. Publisher: Stefan Mihal Books, 1976. Paperback with plastic covers, 60 pages. \$5.95.

**PHOTOGRAPH** (noun) a picture made with a camera. A photograph is created by the action of the light rays from the object pictured coming through the lens onto a film spread over the surface of glass, paper, celluloid, or metal.

**STORY** (noun) an account of some happening or group of happenings.

Duane Michals' newest offering is part photojournal, part narrative, something of a portfolio and utterly uncategorical.

Although blatantly heterosexual in part, **TAKE ONE** pointedly explores areas of obsession that contain an ample dose of gay sensibility. Specifically in **THE ENORMOUS MISTAKE**, we are confronted with an all-male sexual mystery involving non-physical obsession and class rejection that smacks of 1976 psycho-gay lib.

The protagonist is an extremely well-built blond who finds himself at the mercy of two, perhaps three, destiny-wielding men. Willingly, he has submitted himself to a situation over which he will have no control: he finds himself nude and forced to wear a pair of work boots. The key to the mystery is the anxiety he feels after having been adorned in the

suggestive boots. He encounters a psychological sodomizing.

Fear, disgust, social disgrace, and lack of touch with his own sexuality make him panic. The panic blames the shoes and demands their destruction. At the last moment he is unable to throw them from a bridge into their watery grave. He realizes that he wants to wear them again, at least once more, and finally clutches them to his crotch in acceptance.

Duane Michals' forte is sequential photographs with brief narrative. He works with controlled images, filling a photograph with only the barest elements. The same holds true of his text. Coloring is for the viewer/reader.

Of the three other entries, **WATCHING GEORGE DRINK A CUP OF COFFEE** easily stands out as the most clever. Discovering the common ground of sexuality, an unseen viewer watches George's tongue turn into an erect penis after sipping from his morning coffee. The simplicity of the statements and the preposterousness of the visuals evolve into a sustained laugh.

Michals' people are almost always naked and beautiful. But then, stripped of pretense *everyone* is beautiful. His talent lies in his uncanny ability to wed metaphor with image and make a statement about the nature of the viewer and the seen.

— John W. Rowberry

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# DRUMMER views the Flicks



Photo: © Courtesy of Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

JAN-MICHAEL VINCENT, IN A STATE OF SHOCK AND NEAR-UNDRESS, COMES TO AFTER HAVING BEEN HIT OVER THE HEAD AND STRIPPED OF HIS UNIFORM. WHAT'S A BABY BLUE TO DO?

## 'Baby Blue Marine'

If you can swallow the conceit that stalwart Jan-Michael Vincent doesn't "have the stuff" to be a United States Marine, you may be able to tolerate intermittent intervals of his latest film, the Spelling-Goldberg production of "Baby Blue Marine." Otherwise, you'd best pass the effort by, for it not only tests one's credulity but also puts a severe strain on one's ability to sit still. Harry Cohn's ass would have been a mass of hives.

The opening credits are set against a series of Norman Rockwell's wholesome *Saturday Evening Post* covers of adorable World War II servicemen, while Fred Carlin's lush orchestration of "I'll Be Seeing You" ululates in the background. In case you still haven't gotten the point, the unctuous voice of a narrator instructs you that "It was another time . . . there was innocence . . ." Plastic poppies on the

hats of little old ladies bob approvingly throughout the auditorium.

Following the credits, a long fade-in on Marine barracks in San Diego: a platoon of Abbotts and Costellos — with a Jerry Lewis thrown in for bad measure — is being put through its farcical paces by an archetypical Drill Instructor. Innocence stops when dialog starts: "Y' got yer thumbs up yer bungs, y' shitheads! Piss-off!" The poppies abruptly stop bobbing.

Attention focuses now on our anti-hero, Jan-Michael, the "recruiting poster" who, we are asked to believe, is so tense from his desire to succeed that he can do nothing right. "Loosen up, play with yourself, get in a fight or something!" the D.I. screams at him. And when Jan complains that he has his thumb caught in his gun, he is told "*This is your rifle, this is your gun; this is for firing, this is for fun*" while the two objects in question are mercilessly prodded with the D.I.'s quirt. "Tribes" was never like this, where the sadism is strictly bargain basement.

That night in the barracks, replete with lots of nice youthful bare chests, Jan wonders if he will "make it," a rather pathetic statement from a man who celebrates his 32nd birthday this year — even if he is still playing 18-year-olds. Fortunately, with his incredible bone structure, he can get away with it. There is not one superfluous ounce of fat on that familiar frame. The guy doesn't even have earlobes!

Well, anyway, back to the equally lean plot. Jan *doesn't* "make it," and is sent home in a powder blue forerunner of the 1970s leisure suit, topped with a cunning

little peaked cap. This "uniform" is the white feather equivalent of Crimean War disgrace, marking its wearer, in "baby blues," as a shithead shipped home.

In the way, to pass the time between uses, he stops in an empty bar for a beer. Immediately, a much-decorated Marine Raider corporal, exactly our Jan's size materializes and perches at his side. In an interestingly ambiguous "pick-up" scene, the newcomer gets Jan drunk, knocks him out in an alley, strips him of his baby blues, leaves his own uniform in their stead and disappears into the night, never to be seen again. Seems he can't face being sent back into action.

When Jan comes to, in nothing but his O.D. scivvy shorts, he has no recourse but to don the Raider's heroic garb. And thus begins his misbegotten odyssey, hitchhiking aimlessly around the country, always a figure of awe and envy. Laszlo Kovacs, the director of photography, coyly slips into the washed-out colors of remembrance for this evocation of early 1940s Americana. These bucolic vignettes are quite excellent, a set dresser's dream come true.

Jan soon gets involved with a small-town girl (charmingly played by Glynnis O'Connor), who comes complete with a set of warm-and-human mom-and-pop and a brash kid brother. The painfully slow-moving courtship includes an inevitable romp through fields of goldenrod and makes one suspect that director John Hancock has duly served an apprenticeship making tampon commercials.

The dialog lacks not only character and period flavor, but is downright out of key. No one in a tiny American town in 1943 ever referred to a movie as a "film," or called Los Angeles "L.A." If it weren't for the soundtrack — "You Are My Sunshine," "Apple Blossom Time," the radio voice of F.D.R. — one would soon lose all sense of time and place.

Of course, Jan finally confesses he is not really a hero, immediately proves that he *is*, loses girl, gets girl, and the film ends with the predictable freeze-frame of their chaste embrace. But through it all he is, at least, a feast for the eyes, lovingly photographed in the manner of a 1930s glamour girl: no wrinkles, no blemishes, blue eyes ever bright, blondish hairs always in place. A pity, too, because he is on the verge of becoming an actor, given the material and the kind of director he had in "Buster and Billie."

The film lacks momentum simply because its protagonist has none. What little suspense ultimately builds up is solely the result of the ominously strident musical background to a visually leisurely "chase sequence" near the end. Everything else seems pre-processed, pre-digested, gratuitously sentimental. The theme is that one ought not mistake a book for its cover. In the case of the leading character, there is far too much cover and not nearly enough book.

— Ed Franklin



# michael zen's

photo by Christopher Louden and Michael Zen



# FALCONHEAD

**Falconhead**, which opens mid-July in Los Angeles and then moves East in the fall before crossing the Atlantic to Munich and Amsterdam, is the newest work by Michael Zen and a semi-documentary paean to self-love and self-adulation based loosely on the Greek legend of Narcissus.

Narcissus, you may recall, spent his short life spurning lovers of both sexes. His most ardent and unrequited suitor, Amphinus, killed himself while calling on the gods for revenge. Artemis, Roman mythology's Diana, responded to his plea and condemned Narcissus to finally fall in love—but with his own reflection. So gripped was the young man at being unable to consummate his passion that he plunged a dagger into his breast.

So much for history. "Falconhead" concerns itself with the more immediate

sexual selfishness and extreme narcissism of many a gay youngman today.

As the film opens, an imperious falcon-hooded, black-garbed Leatherman (one of the sinful Cycle Sluts) descends an imposing brick staircase, at the foot of which a nude male (Vince Perilli) lies prone. Not to argue, but to lick the booted feet of the mysterious Master. As he works his mouth and tongue up the leathery calf, he comes face to face with himself in a mirror held by the Master. The youngman takes the mirror and falls upon it, lavishing his image with kisses. The Master's boot crushes the narcissist into his own reflection, and we are shown that "He gazed into the mirror and was consumed by it."

Thus are established both the prop and the theme by which are held together the subsequent loops and which, eventually, inextricably bind together the players for all eternity.

One youngman (Adrian Wade, another Cycle Slut) simply has the mirror. Another, a hustler type (Anthony Lee, late of "Morning, Noon & Night"), is accused by his landlord (played with marvelous malevolence by Buddha [on] of stealing it from some trick. The third (Joe Dietrich)

purchases it at an "I'll-pay-anything price" from an antique dealer (Sabato Fiorello) who likens the blond buyer to a golden-eyed bird that settled onto a tar pit, became enamored of his reflection and, unable to free himself from the gluey mass, sank into the tar. "so unlike the phoenix." The final possessor is he of the original fascination (Vince Perilli) who finds the mirror again while sketching in the forest.

The mirror is, of course, the undoing of them all, and the tales of the glass increase in sexual and sensual intensity, moving from merely beautiful auto-erotism to the ultimate bondage. In each case, the individual starts with self-love and moves to other-love through fantasy, then back to love of the mirrored reflection. The hustler, for example, climaxes his fantasy by ejaculating on the mirror, then licks his cum from the glass rather than wasting a single drop of himself on an external. The blond not only has THE mirror, but he works himself against a mirrored wall, the better to be two-in-one.

The final narcissist finds himself at the mercy of the falcon-hooded Master, booted by him and then beset by two previous victims; for the most exquisite of tortures has been saved for the most narcissistic of them all. And each has been increasingly more narcissistic, more self-indulgent, as we can see by the gradation of surroundings from the sparsely furnished flat of the hustler through the elegance of the blond's bedroom to the rich, art- and carefully decorated home of the artist.

These three, the tortured and the torturers, are then trapped forever behind the glass, like the fish in the bowl into





Photos (far left and below) by Frank; photo (near left) by Christopher London and Michael Zen

which the antique dealer dabbles his fingers. We realize then that the Master, the landlord, the antique dealer and one of the fantasy-partners (Glen Robbins) have been conspirators in a plan to entrap these lovers of self.

That this is an erotic film goes without saying. It is also a voluptuary's delight. The score is a synthesized collage of sound (bird calls, drumbeats, tinkling bells) and tone which is lush to begin with and increases in direct proportion to the selfishness of the individual and the resultant heightening of sexual activity. The sex scenes seem to be almost choreographed in a manner which would do Balanchine proud.

And symbolism is rife: the black-painted, talon-like fingernails of Buddha Jon; the antique dealer's anecdote; the feathered bedspread in one of the rooms; the falcon sketches of the artist and the falcon sculptures in his home; the bird calls in the music, most especially as an accompaniment to sex.

Many other things distinguish "Falconhead" from the average, run-of-the-mill porno pic, not the least of them being that there is a decent plot and a moral to boot. No pun intended. The seemingly obligatory can of Crisco is nowhere in evidence, and thank Zeus someone finally overcame the compulsion to eavesdrop on the ho hum sex dialogue thought to be so stimulating in most suckie-fuckies. Indeed, what sex sounds there are have been so successfully integrated into the score that it's difficult to differentiate between cry and cadenza.

Technically, the movie is a marvel. Liam Sean's photography is such that it should not even be run on the same projector as other porno films, and the use of a red filter when shooting some of the fantasy scenes gives a whole new meaning to the use of the word "hot." Producer-director Zen is responsible for the skillful editing of both movie and music.

All in all, this is by far the most professional gay porno film ever produced. At the risk of insulting some and turning off others, this is not a sex film *per se*, but an art film and one which deserves a place of honor at New York's Modern Museum. "Falconhead" delivers plenty of titillation to be sure. It also provides a valid excuse for those who maintain they don't look at the nudes in DRUMMER (or *Playgirl* or *In Touch* or *After Dark*): "I only buy it for aesthetic reasons!"

—Sidney Charles



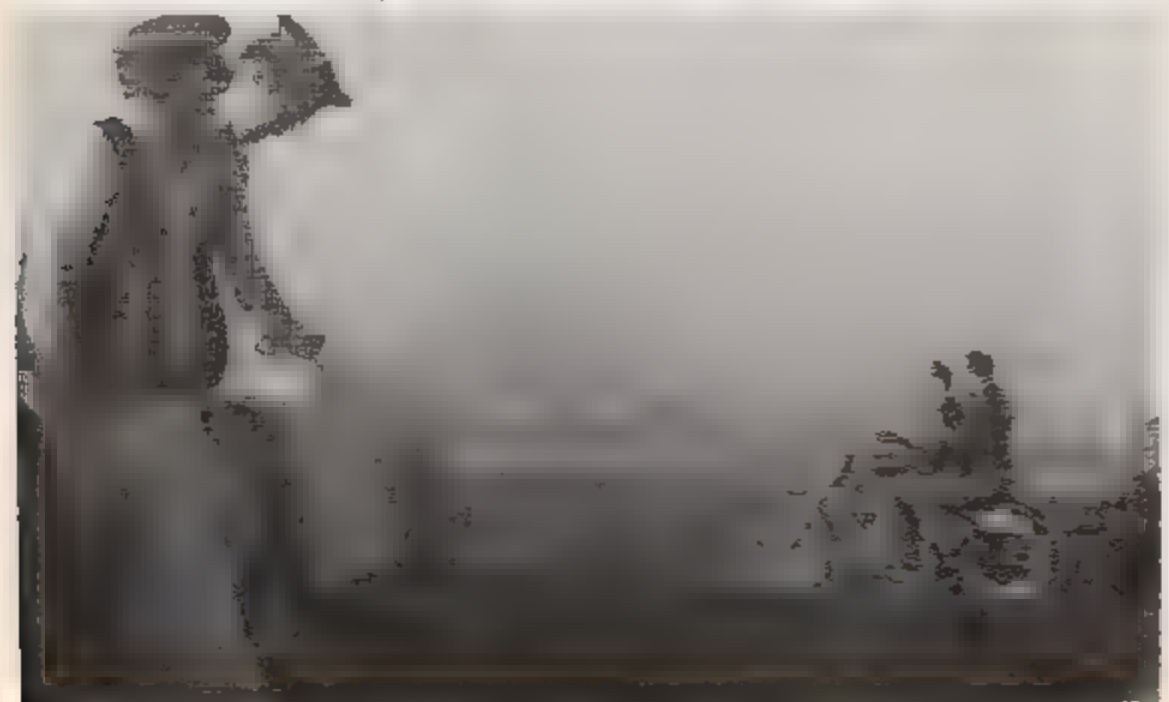




## a visit to FOLSOM PRISON



Top — THE BIKES LINE UP FOR THE PRISON'S PRIX. Middle — THE WINNERS WITH THEIR TROPHIES. Bottom — BIKEMEN WATCH THE RIDERS GO BY.



The Folsom Prison celebrated in song by Johnny Cash is located northeast of San Francisco.

The Folsom Prison celebrated by Leathermen the world over is located at 15th and Folsom, on San Francisco's "Miracle Mile." It's easy to find: just look for the place with all the bikes out front.

We've all heard the wild-but-true stories of prison activity, and San Francisco's Folsom Prison bears them out. Of course, you needn't be tried and convicted to participate, but you still may not be able to leave at will . . . your Master may just decide to cuff, rack and hang you from one of the massive beams until he's ready to take you home. Don't have a Master, you say? You'll have no trouble finding exactly the right one here!

You can even put yourself up for auction, for auctions are held weekly and safely . . . unlike Los Angeles. The head auctioneer, J.J. Van Dyke, is a professional who is heavy into the Leather scene and who has made the Prison's auctions world-famous. On one occasion, an eager-to-serve slave was on the block, and the bidding was getting as hot as the merchandise. Finally, two bike clubs got together, pooled their money and bought him. Never has there been such a satisfied slave as that one during the following weeks, nor such clean bikes and boots as those of his owners!

A bar is not voted "the wildest in town" . . . or, for that matter, perhaps the wildest in the world . . . unless it is just that: WILD! Lace is out, Leather is in, and the heavy male atmosphere is ripe for your light or heavy pleasure. And if you're confused by this symbol or that, just ask. Willing, proud Masters will teach those ready to learn, regardless of the stage of one's learning process. One thing is for sure: you won't soon forget your lessons!

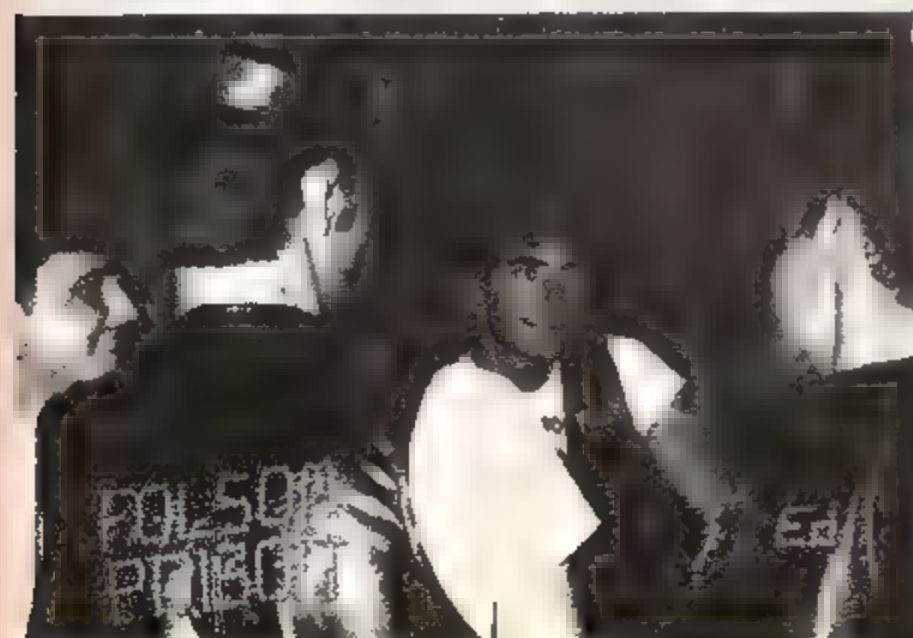
Once you've established what you want, and you've found it, conversation is kept to a minimum. This is a heavy action bar where you do more than just think or talk about what's on your mind. Needless to say, you'll have plenty of tales to tell your friends the next day, real stories of far-out sex, because the Prison motto is "If it feels good, DO IT!" Of course, you can just observe and enjoy your beer . . . fresh or recycled, both being plentiful in and out of the John of Johns!

An additional reason for the bar's success since its opening in 1973 is the "Folsom Prison Prix," San Francisco's only bar-sponsored bike run. This event is eagerly awaited each year by motorcyclists and buddy riders all over the world. Not only is there no cost to participants, but trophies are presented to the top riders.

If you're going to prison, make sure it's San Francisco's Folsom. They'll even give you a daily parole. If you've been a good slave!

— Don Donnelly





On weekends, the Prison's corner on Folsom is filled by customer's bikes.

Some of the mural work inside is excellent. This one is on the wall by the pool table.

Three Leathermen spend some time in the Prison. The bar is one of S.F.'s oldest and most active Leather bars.

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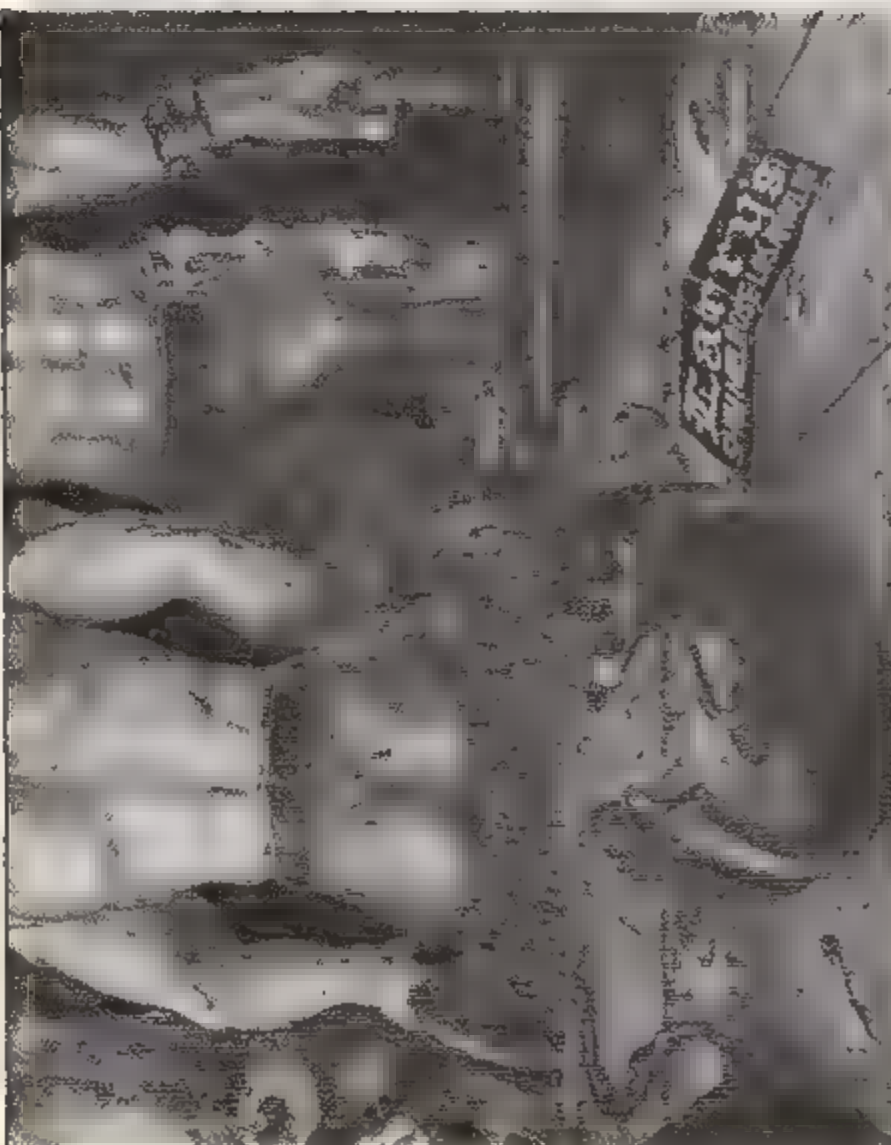
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Dude ..... 990 Post (at Larkin)  
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(B. Red Star Annex) ..... 1147 Folsom St  
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### HARTFORD

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Upstairs ..... 2560 N. Federal Hwy

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Double "R" Bar ..... 1001 N.E. Second Ave  
Rack ..... 731 S.E. 1st  
Too Room ..... 3604 S.W. 8th

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Sherwood ..... 7 N. 1st St

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Ki Kik Saloon ..... 909 N. Tampa  
Ohio Bar ..... 102 Park  
Rene's ..... 2605 W. Kennedy

### WEST PALM BEACH

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### ATLANTA

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### CHICAGO

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Pit ..... basement, 501 N. Clark St  
Snake Pit ..... 2626 N. Halsted  
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Pits ..... 211 S. Quince  
Post ..... 1705 Chancellor  
Westbury Hotel Bar ..... 217 S. 17th St.  
247 Bar ..... 247 S. 17th St.

### PITTSBURGH

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Rathskellar ..... 1226 Herron Ave.

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### MEMPHIS

Entree Nul1 ..... 265 S. Cleveland

### NASHVILLE

Jungle Lounge ..... 715 Commerce

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### DALLAS

Sun Dance Kid ..... 4025 Maple  
Terry's Ranch ..... 4117 Maple

## HOUSTON

Filling Station ..... 1801 Richmond  
Locker ..... 1732 Westheimer  
Mary's ..... 1022 Westheimer

## WASHINGTON

### SEATTLE

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Dylan's ..... 1724 Howell  
Johnny's Handlebar ..... 2018 First

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### MILWAUKEE

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### CHEYENNE

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Dominion Square Tavern ..... 1243 Metcalfe  
Lincoln Cafe ..... 4429 St. Denis  
Neptune Tavern ..... 1121 des Commissaires, W.  
Taureau d'Or ..... 1419 Drummond

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# IN PASSING



"In Passing"

is traditionally the publisher's page, and in this issue we're using the space to keep you informed of the now internationally famous "Slave Auction" which The Leather Fraternity innocently sponsored for charity last April 10. The last issue of DRUMMER provided some of the facts and figures and a bit of the excitement of that evening. Since then, other and more revealing facts have come to light, thanks mainly to H.E.L.P. attorneys who filed legal demands on the Los Angeles District Attorney's office.

For example, the LAPD invited a local freelance television cameraman to be in on the kill the night of the Big Bust. At Police Chief Edward Davis' invitation, the Associated Press was present and officers were happy to pose with props used at the fundraiser. One photo showed a leather-jacketed, uniformed officer "examining" the (unused) stocks that is part of the Mark IV decor and made front pages from coast to coast. Two days later, prior to their even bothering to complete their report for the District Attorney's office, the LAPD held a press conference.

Bemoaning the pain and torture they claimed to have prevented (or ended), Assistant Police Chief George Beck, who knew better, spoonfed the "official" version to the national and local media. It

was later established that the only overt S&M was that of the police.

When the Los Angeles City Council passed a motion demanding information . . . not about the case, but about the use of manpower, materials and money . . . neophyte District Attorney John Van de Kamp was bullied into ordering the LAPD not to lay these facts on the council members, as they might "prejudice the case."

Then the LAPD leaked information to the staid, if unsuspecting, *Los Angeles Magazine* that they were really investigating some torso murders and thought that the slave auction would be the place to look. However, according to *Los Angeles*, "Police claim they were hampered from giving their version . . . by gag restrictions." Oh, brother!

Meanwhile, back to the "facts." Immediately after the raid, Lt. Dan Cooke, of Davis' army of press relations officers, stated that there were 65 police officers who took part in the "operation." Davis later confirmed the figure and added, "The gay community has accused us (the LAPD) of 'overkill.' Well, it normally takes two officers to arrest one individual. In this case, the use of 65 officers to arrest 40 persons represents 'underkill.'"

We don't want to disillusion anyone, but the good chief lied. According to the papers reluctantly released by the LAPD, in response to a discovery motion filed by attorney Albert Gordon, there were well over 100 - 100, count 'em, 100 - officers involved in the raid.

And that's only part of it! The operation involved a command post at Lemon Grove Park . . . two helicopters . . . observation posts (one "HI" on a rooftop and one "LO," outfitted with audio and video recording equipment) . . . and a staging area at California Highway Patrol headquarters about a mile away.

It sounds more and more like an episode from *Barney Miller*. The activity was named "Operation Emancipation," code words for police I.D. were "Emancipate me!" and "costumes and leather paraphernalia" for Davis' secret police were said to be available at Western Costume (a movie prop house) and Columbia and Universal Studios. A complete telephone system between the command posts, staging area, observation posts and those spying inside was provided by the taxpayers. Despite the elaborate preparations made, for the big affair, there were no provisions for basic sanitary facilities; most of the 120 arrested or detained, with their hands bound behind them, were forced to urinate and/or defecate in their clothing, on the bus or on the floor of the booking room at Parker Center. There had been additional personnel re-

cruited to book the 40-victim-quota (exactly enough to fill one bus). Yet there were insufficient personnel available the next day to assist in the release of the victims, as evidenced by the fact that orders for release were issued at 3:30 on Sunday afternoon . . . but the first release did not come until 8:45 that night, and the last victims were released a full six hours later, at 2:50 a.m. on Monday.

All of this activity was carried out with not one citizen complainant. The closest to one was the real star of the operation, a homophobic postal inspector named Kenneth Elessor, alias Kenneth Schmidt, who seems more on the payroll of the LAPD than that of the Postal Department, and who instigated the entire investigation.

But let's go back to that out-of-place dropping in *Los Angeles Magazine*. If there were, indeed, something afoot concerning the indefensible mutilation murders in the Los Angeles area, no one would be more anxious to help, or have more at stake, than the gay community.

However, the homophobic LAPD, which has proven its lack of intelligence in the case of the Great Slave Bust, does not understand . . . nor does it want to understand . . . the gay lifestyle, let alone the Leather lifestyle. In fact, there are few minorities that it does understand. The handling and the resulting burning of Watts proved that. Because of the inefficient and inept administration of the multi-million dollar LAPD, tons of taxpayer dollars are going down the drain with little enlightened law enforcement available to anyone, gay or non-gay.

Example: The Detour, a Leather bar in the Hollywood area, was the target of a robbery in which employees and customers were held at bay with shotguns. The police were called as the robbers were going out the door. It took the LAPD at least 45 minutes to respond, and thus far nothing has resulted from what "investigation" there has been. In fact, according to the owner, the police have not been heard from concerning the holdup since that night. Within a matter of weeks, however, 18 uniformed officers and three vice came in to harass the Saturday night, Memorial Day weekend crowd. Result: They arrested two alleged drunks (who were refused blood, urine or breath tests) and one bartender because his I.D. was in his car and not on his person. A second bartender, carrying I.D., was cited for serving one of the "drunks." Six of the officers (three cars) stopped a bar patron and arrested him for driving-under-the-influence.

Thinking of visiting lovely L.A. this summer? Try San Diego or San Francisco instead.

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